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The Party and the Hangover

REPLETE with rhetoric but intellectually unsatisfied, the delegates to this year's Trades Union Congress are returning from Blackpool to face the men and women who nominated them. They have the invidious task of expounding a case, which Lord Citrine found "unanswerable" when stated in Mr. Gaitskell's syllogistic oratory, but which the rank and file may find puzzling and irrelevant when related to the hard facts of daily life. For the delegates were offered little from the platform but a series of categorical negatives. The Chancellor told them, in effect, that the economic burden of Defence could not be evaded by the working class. Putting an odd gloss on the Labour Party's recent statement of policy, he declared roundly that direct taxation could not be appreciably increased without "damaging industry or seriously affecting incentive," and that confiscating all net incomes above £2,000 a year would bring in only a trivial yield. The cost of living could not be stabilised by subsidies, nor could trade unionists rely on escaping further increases in prices—particularly since the inflationary pressure would be increased by the import restrictions which must be imposed to redress the increasingly adverse balance of payments. This being so, he implied, the workers must expect a fall in real wages. Wages were now "unfrozen"; and the unions might press, if they chose, for higher nominal earnings. But if they got them, the cost of living, in whose rise high profits played no important part, would mount all the faster. The constructive choice, therefore, for the unions was to decide whether they preferred to reduce their share of the national cake by accepting stable wages at a time of rising prices, or by increasing wages and accelerating the rise in prices.

To this Mr. Alfred Roberts, the President of the Congress, added two more negative propositions. National security, he said, could not be achieved without the massive rearmament programme to which the Government were committed. This must not be regarded by the T.U.C. as a "political question." Even if some people considered the present scale of rearmament ill-considered and likely to defeat the very purposes at which it was aimed, they must not say so: this would be to play "right into the hands" of the enemy. Having weighed up the evidence—or so they will have to explain to their rank and file—the delegates on Wednesday defeated without a card vote two resolutions tabled by Leftish unions which criticised the Defence programme on, broadly, Bevanite lines. Even the rearmament of Germany and Japan was endorsed by a majority of nearly two to one. Thus, in so far as it gave its mind to what is, *pace* Mr. Roberts, surely the most fundamental question they had to decide, Congress on behalf of the workers of Britain gave solid endorsement to the Government's foreign policy. This assurance of prefabricated support from the big industrial battalions will, no doubt, encourage the Executive of the Labour Party to believe with confidence that at Scarborough the mutinous tendencies among delegates from the constituency parties will be crushed with equal ease.

But the manipulation of trade union card votes is an unreliable guide to the sentiments of constituency parties, whose delegates usually consist of just those "little men"—and their wives—who next week will be asking awkward questions about the decisions taken in their name at Blackpool. The T.U.C. delegates, when asked in the branches why they voted, by implication, so overwhelmingly for power cuts, staggered hours, higher prices and lower real wages, can only reply, if they are logical and truthful, that they endorsed the policy of unconditional rearmament because they agreed with the Chancellor's *ex cathedra* statement that it was necessary, or at least with Mr. Roberts's ukase that it must not be called in question. They assented, that is, to the propositions, never properly substantiated, that Britain is threatened by an aggressive enemy, and that the only chance of preserving peace is to pile up arms, regardless of the economic and social consequences. Being patriotic citizens, in whose minds the memories of two world wars which threatened to destroy Britain are still fresh, the delegates, in the feverish atmosphere of the Opera House, were ready enough to agree that Britain must be strong. But this is an emotional response to an unproved syllogism; and it may not stand up to the cold facts of living costs and fuel shortages, uppermost in the minds of those who stayed at home.

Whatever may be said and done at Blackpool and Scarborough, a large proportion of the people of this country still need to be convinced that an overriding priority for rearmament and the abandonment of most of Labour's social objectives offer the best approach either to the negotiation of a settlement of international tension, or to victory in the battle of ideas. However repellent they may find the ideology and actions of Communism, they none the less read in their newspapers of Western determination to arm to the teeth, to rearm Germany and Japan and to build a girdle of air bases round the Communist half of the world. They do not find much evidence of a corresponding energy in the pursuit of constructive negotiation. They

are nonplussed; their perplexity will increase as the burden of personal sacrifice grows; and the gulf between the leaders and the led will inevitably become wider. This is not an attitude of mind calculated to make men and women acquit themselves well either in war or in the productive purposes of peace.

On the Dotted Line

It did not take long to reduce the San Francisco Conference to a ceremonial performance appropriate to the Opera House in which it was staged. Discussion even of the procedure rules which the State Department had drafted, and which precluded amendments to the Treaty, was given short shrift by the closure motion moved helpfully by the Dominican Republic. In consequence, Mr. Gromyko's amendments proposing (a) a manpower "ceiling" for Japan's armed forces, with total prohibition of bombers, (b) recognition of Chinese and Russian claims to Formosa and the Kuriles respectively, (c) early and permanent withdrawal of U.S. forces from Japan, were ruled out of order.

Previously the Conference had rejected the Russian plea that China should be invited to be a participant in the treaty. From the U.S. standpoint, China's presence would have been an intolerable embarrassment. For, not only does the Formosa plan amount to virtual annexation of the island by the U.S., but Mr. Dulles is reported to have told U.S. Senators that Japan is to sign a pact with Chiang Kai-shek. Furthermore, the "security agreement" between Japan and the United States, which will be signed immediately the Japanese Peace Treaty is concluded, goes much further than the terms of the Treaty itself had suggested. Indeed, it goes so far as to raise the question whether the U.S. attached urgency to the completion of the Treaty less on the formal grounds so far advanced than in order to make it technically possible for Washington to make such an agreement with a nominally independent Japan. First of all, it concedes the Americans a group of bases far larger than anything offered in Europe by the N.A.T.O. Powers. Some twenty areas, apart from Okinawa, are designated, and the U.S. is to have complete control over communications and transport, to take over public utilities and to conduct manœuvres beyond the stipulated bases, while its units will enjoy such exemptions from the Japanese law as to confer extra-territorial rights upon them. The new agreement, above all, will be implemented by a Japanese-American joint committee, on which control will effectively rest in American hands.

All this is to be done before Japanese rearmament takes place, for the "security agreement" cannot officially take note of the proposed rearmament until the clause in the 1946 Constitution which outlaws Japanese armed forces has been repealed. But, whether the raising of Japanese units is a rapid or a slow process, it is clear that, militarily speaking, the conclusion of the Japanese Treaty and of this "security agreement" will rapidly accelerate the development of Japan as a powerful American base. The "Peace Treaty," in fact, has merely changed the verbal terms upon which a practical U.S. occupation of Japan is to continue indefinitely. Nothing could better illustrate the reasons which have driven the United States to railroad through a Peace Treaty in whose making the principal motive has been the needs of American strategic planning.

The Powers and the Canal

The resolution passed last week-end by the Security Council calling upon Egypt to end its three-year-old blockade of strategic materials passing through the Suez Canal en route for Israel, provided a test of the value of unanimity (or its appearance) between Britain, France and the United States on Middle East policy. The outcome can hardly be described as satisfactory. Egypt has flatly declined to obey the resolution, which it declares to be incompatible with its right of self-defence. Furthermore, the action taken by the Security Council was followed immediately by a meeting in Cairo of the political committee of the Arab League, which announced that it fully supported the attitude of Egypt. Declaring that the security of the Middle East was threatened by the rearmament of Israel, coupled with the maintenance of unlimited immigration, the League called on all its members to intensify the boycott of Israel and, in particular, to prevent any oil reaching the Haifa refineries.

All this would appear to foreshadow further trouble for the oil companies in the Middle East. At least one of the American companies is reported to have given the League a pledge that it will not ship oil from the Persian Gulf to Israel; and this concession will doubtless encourage the belief in Cairo that the U.S. is not prepared to pull British chestnuts out of the fire. In any case, having thus rallied the backing of the Arab League, Nahas Pasha and his Foreign Minister, Salah-El-Din, seem likely to stoke the flames by renewed threats to denounce, this autumn, the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty of 1936, and to demand both the removal of British troops from the Canal Zone and a sole Egyptian imperium over the Sudan.

Yugoslavia and the West

Newspaper interviews granted by Marshal Tito in the last week or so have shown him feeling his way towards a firmer relationship with the West. Lately he told a correspondent of the New York *Herald-Tribune* that Yugoslavia "would instantly do battle on the side of the West in the event of a Soviet attack anywhere in Europe, even if the thrust should be miles away from Yugoslavia's own border." Last Sunday he followed this up by an interview with the *Observer* in which he said that he had proposed to the Western Powers that Yugoslavia should join Greece and Turkey in a "pact of regional defence." These statements suggest that Tito has felt it necessary to move a long way from the position of cautious neutrality which Yugoslav foreign policy always claimed to have adopted after the break with Moscow in 1948. While insistent on the need for military supplies from the West, Tito evidently distrusts the atmosphere of ambiguous isolation in which this cautious neutrality has involved him. He would welcome guarantees on the lines of Chamberlain's to Poland and Rumania in 1939. And he would apparently much prefer that the Western Powers should not take Greece and Turkey into the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation, but should link these countries both to themselves and to Yugoslavia in a new Balkan Entente. No doubt the Foreign Ministers will take occasion to examine this interesting idea at their forthcoming conference in Washington. On the home front this move in foreign policy is reflected to some extent by the Yugoslav Government's adoption of a new economic programme that is specifically intended to give a new lease of life to private enterprise. The three Western Powers have meanwhile announced their intention of advancing Yugoslavia a loan of 50 million dollars for the purchase of raw materials.

Monopoly

The Labour Party pamphlet, *Monopoly*, published last week, is pungently written and full of facts. It avoids the woolliness and equivocation which have marred most of the recent publications by all parties. Is it an effective pamphlet? The analysis of the growth and function of monopoly is factual and reasonably precise, and should stand up to criticism. More wishful is that part of the document which sets out Labour's remedies. No Socialist will dispute the broad proposition that great monopolies should be answerable to the public. That usually means nationalisation. Unfortunately the industries so far nationalised have not been encouraged to avoid many of the evils of monopoly. The obvious example is the policy for gas and electricity which has recently been the subject of a good deal of legitimate criticism in this journal. Of course there are many good reasons for the nationalisation of these and other industries; but the Labour Party cannot yet entirely make good its claim that the danger of monopoly is one of them. The Government has been slow to exploit the advantages of public ownership in this field. Publicly-owned monopolies are almost as dangerous as private ones, unless public ownership is used to enforce non-monopolistic behaviour and a standard of public interest which goes far wider than any single industry. So far progress in this direction is disappointing. Few members of the Labour Party have clear enough ideas of how either public or private industry ought to be "public spirited" in a mixed economy. The pamphlet is a stimulating contribution to the discussion of this problem; but, good as it is, it begs too many questions and overlooks too many inconsistencies in existing Government policy.

Mr. Holland Comes Back

A correspondent writes: The Tory party has come back to power in New Zealand with a slight increase both in Parliament and in the popular vote, though its gains are not as striking as Mr. Holland may have hoped when he called this mid-term election after the bitter Waterfront dispute, for the Labour Party, divided internally during the strike, recovered in time to hold its hard core of seats. Although the strike set the background for the election, the actual contest became a bidding match between Mr. Holland and Mr. Nash, each offering a long catalogue of promises to maintain the Welfare State and offset the sharp rise in the cost of living which

followed the Tory victory in 1949, and has not yet been overtaken by the 15 per cent wage increase conceded in February by the Arbitration Court. Both parties promised income tax relief, and increased food subsidies—an admission on the part of the Tories of the failure of their anti-subsidy campaign before the last election—but the Labour Party went on to offer a restoration of controls, higher pensions, more houses, an extension of the health services, and even imported domestic helps from Britain.

One lesson from both the New Zealand and the recent Australian elections is that a Labour Party is deceiving itself if it believes that a short taste of Tory rule will, through rising prices and industrial strife, ensure a Labour victory at the first opportunity. Moreover, Labour in opposition does not necessarily become more radical. In both Australia and New Zealand the economies have not collapsed, full employment has been preserved, and the effect of Labour's electoral competition has been to win sufficient "social" concessions from the Tories to make Tory rule palatable. World conditions have helped raise export prices as fast as the cost of imports; the demand for wool has meant a boom for the sheep farmer; and if there has been industrial conflict, there has also been a national prosperity which has encouraged, as it always does, conservative sentiments. And Mr. Holland, like Mr. Menzies in Australia, used the fear of Communism to bemuse the voter and divide his opponents. Though Communism is very weak in New Zealand, Mr. Holland capitalised on the Waterfront dispute, not only to denounce opposition to his pro-Washington foreign policy as Communist-inspired, but also to imply that the Labour leadership was the disguised ally, or at best the half-hearted opponent of Communism, though the rift in Labour's ranks was less inside the Party than between the Party and the Federation of Labour. The Party condemned Mr. Holland's punitive Emergency Regulation and the rank-and-file supported the Watersiders, while the Federation connived at the attack on the Watersiders, who had long been a thorn in the flesh of Right-wing union leaders such as F. P. Walsh.

The Labour Party, however, has continued to suffer from the malaise which crept upon it during its long years in office. It had exhausted its programme, and Mr. Nash's hotch-potch of promises was not a new programme but more of the old mixture. It did not even include any effective remedy for the soaring cost of living. The Welfare State has clearly made the traditional kind of Socialism less attractive inside as well as outside the Party, and the most convinced Socialists are often disenchanted with the old ideas and muddled about the new. New Zealand Labour, faced with a Tory Government which has maintained enough of Labour's achievements to make it more or less palatable, and has been aided in maintaining full employment by world conditions, has not discovered the next step. What comes after full employment? What else apart from generally increasing prosperity? If the Tories, as many expected, had gone back to normalcy, and if there had been economic depression, the Labour Party would happily have fought a rumbustuous knock-about campaign. But New Zealand and Australian Labour have both had to fight on a field chosen by the Tories, handicapped by the Tories' skilful borrowing from the Welfare State and by their use of the Red Bogey. There is no sign here that New Zealand will pioneer in a new Socialism for this half century, as it pioneered during the last fifty years in eleemosynary Socialism.

The Point of No Return

THE next six weeks will be marked by discussions among the representatives of the Atlantic Powers which may carry war preparations on both sides of the Iron Curtain past the point of no return. As we go to press it appears that nothing can stop the signing of the Japanese Peace Treaty in its pre-arranged form. M. Gromyko's foreboding appearance at San Francisco suggests that in due course there will be an account rendered for the folly of refusing even to attempt the collective settlement of an issue in which both the Soviet Union and China have a vital interest. The rearming of Germany still lies in the future. But there is a certain frightening logic about Anglo-American policy at the moment, in which each disastrous move makes the next more difficult to refuse.

The most important of the various entries in Mr. Morrison's diary for September and October is the meeting between the Foreign Ministers of the U.S., Britain and France at Washington on Monday. The principal subject under discussion will be the attitude of the Big Three towards the rearming of Western Germany. Provided agreement can be reached between them it is safe to say that policy will be determined in some detail at this conference, and that the more public meetings of the N.A.T.O. Foreign Minsters at Ottowa next Saturday and at Rome in October will be concerned less with the making of policy than with the now familiar process of smoothing and squeezing Atlantic public opinion into the pattern of decisions already cooked-up by the Big Three in private conference.

The outcome of these meetings will almost certainly be an invitation to Dr. Adenauer to put his best foot forward in the raising of a German army, and that invitation will be accepted only on Dr. Adenauer's terms. The resurgence of the German army without the most stringent safeguards is the gravest step yet contemplated in the deterioration of Western relations with the Soviet Union, and one which may of itself constitute the most dangerous threat to British security since five and half years of war finally induced the unconditional surrender of the previous German army.

One of the few things that can be said for the present divided state of Germany is that it is not yet the forming-up area for two fully equipped and mobilised armies. Neither the U.S. nor the Soviet Union could at present use their occupation forces for the invasion of the other half of Germany without months of preparation and the visible movement of mass formations of troops. Germans themselves are armed only for police duties in the West; the same, we suspect, is true in the Soviet Zone. For there has never been any clear evidence that the *Bereitschaften* have been issued on any significant scale with the major equipments necessary for war; and their numbers and their arms are more likely to be explained by the Soviet conception of police duties than by any present intention to use them aggressively. But if Western plans for the rebirth of the *Wehrmacht* are carried out, the Russians will certainly take equivalent steps on their side. The prospect of Germany divided into two heavily-armed hostile forces, each patrolling its own end of the Elbe bridges within rifle shot of one another, is a frightening one. The first rule for avoiding the lesser explosions which detonate war is to keep the rival armies apart from one another. Germany divided is to be deplored, inasmuch as neither side has been willing to make constructive efforts to resolve by political means the problems which arise from this unnatural arrangement. But, inasmuch as it has provided a sort of safety zone between the spark and the explosive, it has served a useful end. The rearming of the two Germanies would do nothing to damp the explosive or quench the spark; it would merely bring them into dangerous proximity.

Furthermore, there is no guarantee how the foreign policy of a German sovereign State would shape. West Germany, rearmed and independent, in fact if not in form, would be in a unique position to sell her favours to the highest bidder. At present, Dr. Adenauer and his Christian conservatives may appear to be committed to the West. But attractive offers will be made from the East; and any West German Government would find it difficult to resist these, garnished as they would be with the promise of a unified Germany. Whether such an alliance could be achieved in the near future may be uncertain; but its mere threat would give Dr. Adenauer or his successor a first-class instrument of blackmail, which would hardly be employed in the interests of this country or of Western Europe as a whole. It is difficult to resist the conclusion that, once sovereignty is restored to Bonn and rearmament becomes a fact, West Germany will become the harlot of Europe, the more exclusive and expensive because of her scarcity value and the unsurpassed physical assets she enjoys.

There is another argument, more local in its application, but no less telling. We have always sought to make the point that Atlantic rearmament as a whole is so great as to defeat its proclaimed ends. The existing Atlantic Treaty nations are only at the beginning of their Defence programmes. The labour, tools and material of Western Germany can do something to lighten the burden on the whole group. Some British and some American Defence orders are being placed with German industry. British steel is dependent on an already entirely inadequate supply of scrap from Germany. If the Bonn Government is now to be asked to father an additional heavy rearmament programme, the extra commitment on the overloaded European economy will be matched by little extra capacity. So that, even when judged by the standards of those who consider our existing Defence commitments fully justified, German rearmament is a regressive step.

Can anything effective be done to limit these evil consequences? The French Government seems to believe that the Pleven plan for a European Army is the answer. If Mr. Acheson and Mr. Morrison accept this, they must do so tongue in cheek. The idea that restrictions on the size of formations to be raised, on the independence of the general staff or the logistic viability of a German army could operate as a substantial safeguard for more than a few

months, is surely illusory. In the first place, Dr. Adenauer is not in a position to accept the advances of N.A.T.O. except in return for effective sovereignty. Secondly, there is not the slightest reason to suppose that SHAPE will prove to be any more "supra-national" than SHAEF. Germany, once armed, could quit on her own terms. Thirdly, there is no shortage of experienced staff officers in Germany. What they are seeking is conscripts and guns to manipulate. Restrictions aimed at limiting German staff-work could not prevent the formation of shadow staffs, operating under the guise of innocently titled associations of ex-Servicemen. The transfer of operational responsibility to such staffs, as soon as a German Government decided to do so, would take a matter of weeks.

The essential fact is that the decisions of the next month or two—the rearmament of Japan, the likely rearmament of Germany, the adherence of Greece and Turkey to the Atlantic Alliance, and the entente between these two and Marshall Tito—will be irrevocable. In the arming of Japan and Germany, Anglo-American policy will create monsters which may show themselves beyond control. They will certainly appear in Russian eyes as a mortal threat to the Soviet Union; and Soviet policy will react. How far the reaction will go is not yet clear. But it cannot be less than the intensive rearmament of the Soviet Union itself and its satellites, including the Soviet Zone of Germany.

We believe that even now a Four-Power Conference on Germany should not be ruled out. The rewards of success would be so great for both sides that success might come with less difficulty than past events could indicate. The Japanese Treaty and its inherent consequences are water under the bridge. The task is to limit their dangers, not to project them on to another stage. If they are now followed by the course of events we fear in Germany, it can only be because public opinion in the West has nothing left to express but the death-wish. The strength of the Western democracies is their boast that Governments can be controlled by the will of individuals. There is time for that will to be made effective; but the next six weeks are vital.

Development Without Welfare

THE timely installation of Lord Reith as Chairman has saved the Colonial Development Corporation from much criticism—at least for the present. But there are certain critical questions to be asked which seem to have been virtually ruled out of public discussion by a widespread anxiety to support the Corporation in principle. The most prominent criticism of the Corporation in recent months has been concerned with the lack of preliminary investigations and pilot schemes. The tendency to gamble on inadequate knowledge has been made notorious by the Gambia egg affair; the hens were installed before it had been proved that their food could be grown. Another criticism is that the Corporation is frittering away its resources by undertaking too many different projects in too many scattered places, with the result that it cannot do any particular good anywhere. By the end of 1950, for instance, it had in operation 48 schemes in 22 territories.

It is beginning to be appreciated that these troubles are an almost inevitable result of the rules under which the Corporation has to work. The duty is imposed on the Corporation of breaking even, taking one year with another. The money comes, in the first place, from the Treasury, and the Corporation has to pay interest on it. Thus the Corporation, in order to break even, has to earn a commercial return on the money which it invests. It is designed to undertake development projects which private enterprise cannot or will not attempt, but it is forced to work on the same sort of principles which govern the activities of private concerns. This goes a long way to explain why there is an isolated project here and another there—a hotel in Uganda and crawfish canning in Tristan da Cunha; the Corporation has to scratch round for the limited opportunities which are not attractive to private enterprise, and yet which still give the possibility of a commercial return.

To secure a commercial return, the Corporation has to concentrate largely on developing new supplies of goods which are wanted by "advanced" countries. For if an enterprise in a colony is to be able to pay interest and to repay capital to the United Kingdom, it must, unless there is already an adequate and reliable surplus, improve the colony's earnings of foreign exchange. This can be done either by producing new goods for outside markets or by producing substitutes for goods formerly imported; in either case, the effect on the colony's balance of payments has to be considered before the effect on its internal economy. The point is well illustrated by the Colonial Development Corporation's two gold mining projects, in British Guiana and Tanganyika; these operations may indirectly improve local conditions by increasing earnings of foreign exchange, but they do not seem to be amongst the most valuable development works which could be promoted in Britain's colonies. It is hardly too much to say that the Corporation is crippled by its financial obligations. In particular it cannot undertake many of the projects which are most essential in the more "backward" colonies—the extirpation of malaria or of the tsetse fly, for example, or the provision of supplies of fresh water, or the building of roads and railways. For these are things on which the economic returns are delayed and often indirect.

This point is strikingly illustrated by a comparison of the schemes of the Colonial Development Corporation with those carried out under the Colonial Development and Welfare Acts. The Colonial Development and Welfare Fund can make outright grants. Of its commitments to March 31, 1951 (apart from those for research, training and administration), some 15 per cent were for transport and communication projects. By contrast no such projects have been undertaken by the Colonial Development Corporation. Of course, anyone can defend the present set-up by arguing that it does not matter that the Colonial Development Corporation cannot attempt a wide variety of most important development works, since there is always the Colonial Development and Welfare Fund to finance such schemes. But the Colonial Development and Welfare Act of 1945 provided only £120 million, and another £20 million was added at the end of the last year. Of these sums, £78,735,238 had been committed by March 31, 1951, and £41,588,576 actually issued. These resources are therefore rather nearer to depletion than those of the Colonial Development Corporation. So there is, in a sense, more money left for supplying turtle meat from Grand Cayman Island than for education in Africa. It is a rather wan passage in the Corporation's Report and Accounts for 1950 which suggests that: "Corporation investments should be so laid out as to attract other capital, and to stimulate capital accumulation within the colonies." It is the unremunerative "pre-industrial" investments which are likely to achieve these results, and not projects picked first and foremost because they promise commercial return.

To some extent the financial regulations of the Corporation are also a cause of the skimping of preliminary investigations and pilot schemes. This skimping is evident in other projects besides the Gambia Egg Scheme. The 1950 Report is frank. Of the Marudu Rice Farm in North Borneo it laments that "the initial survey . . . carried out by an expert mission . . . did not reveal that the clay-pan which should have retained the water was not continuous." "It has now been decided to defer orders for the second kiln [for the Chilanga Cement Ltd. in Northern Rhodesia] until adequate limestone deposits have been proved—as they probably will be." Particularly sad is the story of Tanganyika Roadways Ltd., in which the Corporation invested £150,000.

> The accounts were grossly inaccurate; earlier liabilities came to light; they fell on the original shareholders, but showed the rosy operating picture to be false; the Corporation had bought a job lot of assets (with a trading connection of a sort thrown in) at much too high a price; . . . some of the lorries taken over have had to be scrapped; some lorries bought for the Corporation's original venture have turned out too weak for the work; this means a special write-off of £15,000 and has also increased operating difficulties.

The Report complains: "Experiments are, of course, expensive; few new enterprises can write off the costs." The Corporation under its present rules cannot afford to make the tests needed to check beyond reasonable doubt the practicability of many likely-looking schemes; it must either gamble or follow a timid policy which would soon make it look ridiculous. And so it is forced to beg pathetically for help from the Colonial Office, from which it is supposed to be independent. "Arrangements for part of the cost [of experiments] to be carried by CD & W or other special funds would make possible schemes in areas where anything like commercial development is at present impossible." At present, then, the development policies are largely shaped by the form of the institutions, and not by the needs of the colonies.

Of course, there are reasons for the financial rules imposed on the Colonial Development Corporation. The obligation to break even was designed to assure the independence of the Corporation from governmental control, so that it should not be suspected by colonial governments as an instrument of centralisation. But it is myopic stupidity to allow such considerations, however valid, to lead to a situation in which much money is spent with no great benefit to anybody. There is a tendency at present, with great pressure on home resources, as a result of rearmament, and a serious shortage of some raw materials, to promote development which is designed to bring economic benefit to ourselves and to limit the use of the resources for altruistic purposes. But in any event it seems obvious that the Government should think more carefully than it has in the past about the objects and methods of the Corporation. The present duties of the Colonial Development Corporation and the administration of the Colonial Development and Welfare Fund should, for instance, be brought under a single controlling authority.

The existing constitution of the Development Corporation leads it to promote schemes which ought, by any sane criterion, to be considered of relatively low priority—gold, crawfish and turtles have been mentioned; there are also plans for tourist development in the Bahamas—in preference to others of greater importance. It also leads to a dispersal of resources, while it is obvious that the limited resources which are likely to be made available for the development of "backward" areas ought to be concentrated if any considerable impression is to be made on living standards where now they are low. And the necessity for concentration of resources increases the importance of unified administration. It is above all important that there should be an imaginative definition of the objects of colonial development. The state of a conventional balance sheet cannot be the proper criterion for judging the Corporation's results.

J. P. HAYES

London Diary

IN common with, I suspect, most other readers of the newspapers—and certainly most other writers of them—I am puzzled by what is happening in Korea. It seems almost inconceivable that U.N. aircraft dropped the offending bombs at Kaesong, at least intentionally; and the suggestion of an accident, favoured last week in this journal's editorial comment, seems less probable in view of Communist charges of a further bombing of the truce headquarters. On the other hand, the theory that the incidents have been deliberately staged by the Communists to hold up the talks seems far-fetched. There were so many easier ways of doing that, some of them all too familiar. In fact there is no real scope in all this for amateur detection. It is easy enough to play a parlour game with the published evidence. But so few of the facts have been published that attempts at serious deduction are futile, if intriguing; while induction is a dangerously subjective method to use in a problem so charged with political prejudice. More seriously, the facts of which we have got concrete evidence are alarming enough. The U.N. offensive at "Bloody Ridge" was perhaps justified by the presence on this commanding ground of Chinese artillery; but, even so, its timing, to coincide with the first sign of progress in the truce talks, was unfortunate. The bombing last week-end of Rashin, only twelve miles from the Soviet frontier, may also have been dictated by sound military reasons; but it evokes a disturbing memory. When General MacArthur did the same just over a year ago, he was promptly forbidden by Mr. Marshall to repeat the experiment. This time Washington apparently applauds. The public controversy at the Senate enquiry into MacArthur has, ironically but not entirely unexpectedly, had the effect both of vindicating the Administration and grafting on to it much of MacArthur's policy. General Ridgway's proposal of a new site for the talks offers at least a chance that negotiations may be resumed. Mr. Morrison would earn the support of most people in this country if he could succeed in convincing Mr. Acheson, when they meet at San Francisco, that the most important immediate objective in Korea is to stop the killing as quickly as possible.

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I shall follow with particular interest the fortunes of a discussion forum just launched by a group of Fleet Street journalists, headed by Ritchie Calder. *Fleet Street Forum* is intended to provide a platform for ideas and debate among journalists, based on the facts of world affairs. The importance of the idea is its recognition that even journalists are largely dependent on daily newspapers for their knowledge of current affairs. A regular forum where Fleet Street men and their guests from elsewhere can meet and pool their first-hand experiences could do a lot to remove some of those popular misconceptions, which are so apt to perpetuate themselves by spreading from a single polluted source. *Fleet Street Forum* also aims at rallying "a body of opinion within the profession . . . to support any journalist who refuses to be party to any misrepresentation by corruption of fact or emphasis." These are fighting words and perhaps explain the absence of any editor from the original group of sponsors. It is a little difficult to see how, in the absence of a Press Council, a body of necessarily limited membership can do anything about this which is not already done by the National Union of Journalists. But this is a brave gesture, which reflects the increasing sense of responsibility which working journalists feel towards the world they have to report. And, if the attempt at collective enforcement of professional standards fails in the face of apathy or proprietorial hostility, at least the candid exchange of factual information among men who are seeking to tell the truth will make it more difficult for editorial—or sub-editorial—caprice to be excused by ignorance.

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Many more people will be genuinely grieved at the untimely death of Daniel Hopkin than those who could claim to know him personally—at least in the conventional sense. At Old Street, Stoke Newington and, finally, Marlborough Street Police Courts he earned the real affection both of officials and of most of those who pleaded or appeared before him. His term at Stoke Newington coincided with the outbreak of Fascist rioting at Dalston in 1947; and his firm but sensitive handling of the many difficult situations which arose from the reaction of the Jewish community to the provocations offered them cemented a friendship with the Jews which had begun during his service as a young Welshman in a Jewish battalion in the First World War. At Marlborough Street he found himself in a different environment. The "wide boys," petty racketeers and sneak-thieves of the West End were a puzzle to him, and one which I think rather bothered him; for Dan Hopkin's first idea of justice was to try to understand what made a man do wrong and then to deal with him in such a way as to give him the best hope of returning to the path of decent citizenship. Hopkin's career to the Stipendiary's bench, apart from a rather surprising interlude as a business man in Cairo, followed the classic pattern of the working-class Welshman made good; farm worker's son, scholar, teacher, barrister and Labour M.P. It was a background which fitted him particularly well for his judicial task. He never stopped learning and he never forgot the people he came from. He was a good man made conspicuous, paradoxically, by the simple virtues of humanity and humility, which even in an age of reform are still enough to single a man out from his fellows in the administration of justice.

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I have always hated books that won't lie open on the table, and when I get one I grope angrily for paper clips, rubber rings, rulers and paper weights. The other day, seeking a cookery book for some newly-weds, I spent half-an-hour in a bookshop trying out all the standard manuals without finding one that would lie flat. Some of them, the moment they were left unattended, arranged their leaves like a fan; others closed with a snap, and the mighty *Household Management* of Mrs. Beeton did it with a thud. How do women get over this gratuitous difficulty? I've asked quite a number. Some of them mark the place with a table-spoon, others with the rolling-pin (floury or not), others leave the book face down and pick it up for reference; and the only ones who keep their books and tempers clean are those who copy out the recipe on the back of an envelope and put the book away. All of them, I find, regard the making of books as a male preserve and have no hope that it will ever be done intelligently. But surely the publishers can do something about this? Let none of them write to say that there are insuperable difficulties: I announce in advance that I don't believe it. And even if they have no regard for feminine tempers, how can they deliberately subject masculine digestions to the hazard of recipes that re-sort themselves while the cook's back is turned?

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Poor Critic, now on holiday and many hours journey from the reproaches of his readers, has copped it in his absence. The story of the Japanese schoolboy he printed last week is not, it appears, authentic. Correspondents,

writing in differing degrees of sorrow and anger, ascribe it variously to Cecil Hunt (1930), Wallace Irwin (1912), the *Cape Times* (1920)—"cutting enclosed"—and Gelett Burgess (1910). It all goes to show that it is a good enough story to survive all kinds of treatment. When some diarist fifty years hence stumbles across it freshly disinterred and uses it in a despairing attempt to tickle the fancy of his readers, the correspondents of that day will, I suppose, react in a similar way. But by then its parentage will probably be ascribed to Critic—and somebody will, I hope, enclose the cutting.

FLAVUS

KGOTLA

Chiefs of the Bakwena, Barolong, Bangwaketse, Kamalete and Bakgatla tribes demand a *kgotla* on the Bamangwato dispute.—*News item.*

Why are the Bamangwato not
to hold a *kgotla*?

The chiefs of Bechuanaland
Make categorical demand for what?
A tribal *kgotla*.

The Bangwaketse say they know
The Bamangwato tribe will go to pot
without a *kgotla*.

The Bechuanas lose belief
In the Commonwealth Relations chief, a blot
on Britain's *kgotla*.

The Bamangwato say, "It's clear,
There's a Walker in the woodpile here, a plot
to stop the *kgotla*."

Protectorate Gallup polls reveal
They think chief Attlee is a real bad lot
to ban the *kgotla*,

To fire Tshekedi while he rules
And in his absence three wise fools afloat
to hold a *kgotla*.

And when the tribes of chief Malan
Announce an inconvenient plan to squat
and boss the *kgotla*,

Then even Whitehall chiefs begin
To recognise that they are in a spot
about the *kgotla*.

And now the fat is in the fire
Whitehall will earnestly inquire: "Just what,
what is a *kgotla*?"

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Fining them the maximum of £10 each, Mrs. M. A. Cumella, presiding magistrate, said: "I think you might have been reading a certain Sunday newspaper and got into your head ideas that you could both wisely lose. If you had not come from good homes we would have authorised the Press to publish your names."—*News Chronicle.* (F. Brietow.)

Mr. Granville Gulliman said yesterday that he is going to close down Leamington Golf Club "because of Communist infiltration."—*Daily Herald.* (B. E. Langford.)

Out of courtesy a postman must not deliver letters with a cigarette hanging out of his mouth, but he can now smoke discreetly in the street.—*Daily Telegraph.* (I. L. Margetts.)

During the year (1949) all the class professed conversion, except one boy, who is now in a remand home.—Letter in *Christian Herald.* (F. C. Jones.)

Sussex.—Comfortable home for retired gentleman. Old school tie, *sine qua non.*—Advt. in *Spectator.* (M. Wightman.)

Tour of the New Towns

I DROVE out from London to Hemel Hempstead, Harlow, Crawley and Stevenage on four successive days. These were the first four new towns to be designated and are now the furthest advanced. Many of the early obstacles have been overcome and the fine summer weather has enabled the building of houses, flats, factories, shops and schools to go ahead fast. I had the impression that this year has seen a decisive break-through after the earlier stultification.

The families who had houses were delighted with them, and well they might be, for the design and equipment reaches a high standard. Unfortunately the rents are also very high. Inclusive of rates, a three-bedroom subsidised house is let at from 31s. to 35s. a week. There are indications that many of these rents will shortly be increased yet further, while the standards are likely to be cut. Many workers—postmen for example—must find these rents impossible, though the younger couples are so desperate for a house that they are likely to accept them even if they cannot really afford them.

Building workers on the housing lists of certain boroughs in London and Greater London have had a high priority, but they have usually had to live in a camp on the site and work there for several months before getting their house. The other main priority is for people working with industrial firms which are being moved out of London. Though housing and industrial building should theoretically be "in phase," at Crawley the factories are ahead and many of their workers are commuting from London. The same is likely to be increasingly true at Hemel Hempstead; but at Harlow the movement is the other way round, and people who have housing there are travelling to London to work, until their firms' new premises are ready. These effects may be temporary but need watching, if the towns are to make their proper contribution to the decentralisation both of jobs and homes.

All four towns are building flats. The demand for these not being so great as for houses, a family which opts for one can usually move in at once, but it is taking all the tact of skilled women housing managers to induce them to accept this second best. Even the childless couples prefer their own garden in many cases, while those with children feel even more strongly. At Hemel a determined effort is being made to see that only families without small children should go into flats, and that if then babies do arrive, the families should move to houses. For the space provided, the flats are even more expensive than the houses, though in some cases central heating and hot water are provided.

There is no doubt that architecturally the best work is in the flats, which are nearly all handsome in design, well finished and sensibly planned. It looks as though the architects have their heart in the flats more than in the houses—unlike the people who are going to live in them. Some three-storey flats by Maxwell Fry and Jane Drew at Harlow are outstanding. They are subsidised dwellings letting at £2 a week, but the standards are so adequate that a middle-class tenant would, I think, be only too happy to have one at the price. The large recessed outdoor balcony-room is a particularly attractive feature. Some three-point blocks at Crawley designed in the Chief Architect's Department are also beautiful to look at and, one would think, easy to live in.

The extra cost of building flats and the lack of enthusiasm among the prospective tenants are leading to a general cutting down—or at least postponement—in their provision. It is unfortunate that sites originally reserved for building flats at a later date have in some cases already been turned over to houses in the interests of short-term expediency. If this goes on, there will not be nearly enough dwellings for the very large number of one- and two-person families which can be expected for demographic reasons to appear as the new town populations get older.

At the moment, however, sociology is out of fashion among the Development Corporations. At Stevenage, where I held the post of "Social Development Officer" until last year, the Information Office in the town has been closed, and relations both with the existing and incoming populations are handled by an Estates Department which is said to regard itself as being "rather like the police." At Harlow, the former Social Development Officer, Miss Green, pulled off the grand coup of marrying the leader of the local "resistance movement" and retired from the fray. At Crawley the omens are not bright for long-term social planning, though two women housing managers are doing excellent work in humanising relations with tenants. Hemel Hempstead has the most successful record in this field, especially in its current public relations, though the arrival of several large industrial concerns faster than housing can be provided for their workers is an example of the kind of problem which is worrying Hemel's capable Public Relations Officer. On the whole it struck me that Hemel had stood firmer on important points of principle than the other three towns, and I have no doubt it will reap its reward for this in the future. It is worth noting that research on social aspects of new towns which had been started at the then Ministry of Town and Country Planning has also been discontinued.

I do not want to suggest a lack of sensitivity on the part of many of those engaged in this constructive work towards its human side. The architects especially are, I think, very conscious of it and rather worried about it because they know that their own tastes and values may not be identical with those of the families for whom they are designing, and they are uncertain how far to meet them half-way. There is in many cases, for example, a positive sense of embarrassment in the way they have treated the fireplace, as though they knew that really it oughtn't to be there and so have tried to push it to one side or left it without a mantelpiece, in a way which the tenants find disconcerting. Of course, they are quite right in thinking the open coal fire out of date, but the logical step towards whole-house heating has not been taken. When at length it is taken, the design of the dwelling will alter so radically as to make nonsense of the present kind of house. Moreover there has been what from a national point of view must be considered ignorant economy in the proper heating insulation of house walls. In contrast, large windows, French windows and glass doors let in floods of sunlight when there is any. They will also let out a great deal of heat in winter time. Some of the flats have electric fires as their only form of heating, in spite of research having shown that it is expensive and wasteful except as an auxiliary to central heating. This muddled thinking will make domestic life a chilly affair in the new towns for the greater part of the year.

Besides the subsidised housing, there are also flats and houses at a higher rent to attract the better-off tenant. For £3 a week or thereabouts one may live comfortably at the "managerial" standard in well-designed houses at Harlow or Hemel Hempstead, though their outside appearance is undistinguished. There is also an inter-

mediate standard which is little different from the subsidised standard, except for a bow window. In this case you pay extra rent mainly for the privilege of living in the same street as others who are also paying it. I rather doubt if this will seem a good bargain much longer, though at present there is ample demand. It may be that when people become accustomed to the high standards of the subsidised houses, the "second-class" house will seem as superfluous as the second-class railway carriage. The Estates Departments hope, however, to make a profit out of *petit bourgeois* snobbery and so help to balance a precarious housing account.

Each of the four new towns has its own distinctive qualities. Harlow is the most aesthetically pleasing, Hemel the most socially minded, and Crawley the most business-like. Each has the defects of its virtues but each is doing impressive work. Stevenage has fallen well behind, but with its main problems now solved may yet catch up again. It has had no less than five chairmen in as many years, with resulting changes in policy which produce an effect of inconsistency. Flexibility in planning is not the same thing as choosing the easiest way out of a tricky situation. This is a lesson all the new towns might bear in mind. After a battle one can move on to another battlefield. But people are going to be living in the new towns for a very long time to come.

CHARLES MADGE

Films in France

HOLLYWOOD's representatives once again are on their way to Paris for their annual battle with the French film industry. As usual, they are seeking a revision of what they deem the too-onerous terms of the Paris Film Accord of 1948—an agreement that loosened their grip on the French market and saved the French industry from the certain bankruptcy to which it had been doomed in 1946, when Leon Blum swapped *haute coûture* and perfume exports against an uncontrolled flood of American films.

The Paris Accord brought new hope as well as salvation. Not only were dubbed American films on the French market restricted to 121 a year—in Italy they still number between 450 and 500—but French cinemas were told to devote five out of each thirteen weeks to domestic productions. Further, a special, heavy tax was levied on all films distributed in France, foreign and native alike. This, added to a new spectators' tax of five to ten francs, went into a national film fund to encourage French output. The levy was frankly discriminatory since an internal *Loi d'Aide* almost simultaneously provided that a French producer would get his money refunded, as part of a grant, whenever he undertook a second production. The special fund has helped subsidise French films ever since.

The Americans have fought hard to get the Accord rescinded. The State Department, in June, 1950, even raised the dispute to the governmental level, though with no success. Then, last autumn, Mr. McCarthy, vice-president of the Motion Picture Producers Association, turned up in Paris to reopen negotiations. The press outcry was strident; and angry demonstrations were organised by the cinema unions. Thousands, for example, packed a monster meeting at the Salle Pleyel and rallied to the desperate appeals from members of the *Comités de Défense du Cinéma Français*, a sprawling organisation whose *militants* include producers, technicians, critics and ordinary spectators. Chagrined, Mr. McCarthy was forced to leave empty-handed. Astonished themselves at their success, the *Comités* have continued to help man France's flimsy defences against Hollywood's further onslaughts. Along with the unions, they are currently gathering ammunition for Mr. McCarthy's next attack, this month.

This threat apart, the French film industry is far from healthy. True, its output of 112 feature films last year may be envied in England and Italy. But despite the increased production that has followed the 1948 Accord, average shooting time has declined and a grave unemployment problem still exists. Moreover, far too many films never break even on cost, so that French film financing remains a pretty haphazard affair. Producers—of whom there are at least 250, chiefly small and independent—dig up capital from the most unorthodox sources. Armed with his promise of a film fund grant (based on his previous production's box-office receipts), and more often than not refused credits from a bank, the producer appeals to any loan shark, patron of the arts, ex-black-marketeer or film distributor he can find for the rest of the money needed. Studio, laboratory and other production costs are thus met, with luck. Salaries are paid, and the producer takes his own small returns as quickly as possible. The financier in the background then waits years to see whether he will get his investment back, and years more to realise a profit.

It thus follows that production costs must be pared to the bone—even at a sacrifice of quality. It is notable, for example, that such fine directors as Carné, Autant-Lara (*Diable au Corps*), Bresson, Gremillon and Becker—the directors who cost the most and are most inclined to undertake the costlier productions—are those who have worked the least since the war. The hard fact is that returns come almost entirely from the home market, and the French domestic market, with its falling attendance, is just too small. Back in the pre-war days of the double feature, the problem was not so bad. To-day, however, France's screens can only support an estimated 250 to 300 films a year. The Americans are guaranteed their 121 dubbed versions, and other countries with whom the French industry must trade are accorded another 65. This leaves French films a narrow market, and explains why almost a third of last year's production has not yet been taken out of the cans.

The unions and the *Comités de Défense* generally leave the foreign market question alone. "We must first export to France," is one of their glum slogans. Their campaign now is to have the annual foreign film quota reduced to 120—which in essence really means that they want American film imports reduced to 55. And they want an increase to six weeks (instead of five) out of every thirteen in the amount of time that domestic cinemas should accord French films. From the defensive, they have moved to the attack. If the Paris Accord must be altered, they mean to see that the changes are in their favour.

They are probably correct in saying that time and the public are both on their side. The post-war curiosity that demanded a heavy diet of American films is now nearing satiation in France. Moreover, rising living costs are making the cinema-goer more carefully selective, and, say the French, inclined to prefer a "naturalistic" interpretation of life to Hollywood glossiness. Unfortunately, the public's preferences are a secondary matter for cinema owners, who show the American products as often as the law allows them to, and sometimes more frequently. With Hollywood dumping practices, they can reap a profit of about 13.5 per cent. of their box-office receipts from American movies, while the native films usually leave them with 10 per cent. or less. They also get a lot of free advertising out of the American companies, as well as a few other interesting benefits.

Hollywood, in turn, feels that France has been unjust in harping on the high American quota as the basis of its troubles. As one American once put it: "The solution for the French industry is a concentration of dispersed activities into a few important companies who will have facilities for production, distribution and financing." As it is, the only concentration is in the distribution field, where Gaumont and Pathé have taken over in earnest. In production there are few signs of even camouflaged monopoly, and the French are happy about that. Their industry's untrustified nature, they feel, is what has given their films much of their independence and variety. Concentration for them implies financial control from Hollywood, and foreign domination is their greatest single dread. Indeed the *Fédération du Spectacle*, the C.G.T. union that represents virtually every actor, technician and director in the industry, argues that any approach towards monopoly would mean restricted output at home and an international deal that would once again flood the domestic market with Hollywood films and increase unemployment.

The union is also fighting the censorship, which operates on many levels. First, a Government Commission has authority over licensing. Distribution can be halted temporarily or prevented outright. A documentary that celebrated the centenary of the 1848 Revolution, even though actually semi-officially sponsored, ran into a mess of distribution trouble. The American lynching film, *Intruder in the Dust*, was inexplicably removed from the nation's screens long before the full list of the distributor's bookings had been satisfied. *Bataille pour la Vie* was banned, as was the Left-wing *Vive les Dockers*, the French version of Joris Ivens's *La Paix Vaincra*, a film called *La Révolte des Vignerons*, based on the 1907 disturbances in France's wine country, and a flock of others. Louis Daquin's film on the coal miners, *Le Point de Jour*, received official sanction for its first-run release but has encountered a semi-boycott ever since. Censorship, incidentally, is always political, not moral.

More subtle is the widespread practice of "abortion." A scenario must be presented for "pre-censorship" before shooting can begin. If it does not pass muster the financier, producer and, perhaps, even the rented studio usually will back away from it. Embryonic films killed in this manner seldom received publicity. One that did, this Spring, was *L'Affaire Seznec*. André Cayatte, whose *Justice est Faite* is one of the greatest of France's post-war stock, decided to portray on celluloid his belief that a man named Seznec, who has just emerged from 27 years in prison, had been wrongly condemned. The case has long been a *cause célèbre* in France, and "Save Seznec" committees have referred to it as the worst miscarriage of French justice since the Dreyfus Affair. Well founded or not, Cayatte's intended demonstration of Seznec's innocence is not likely to reach the studio floor. When a touchy Ministry of Justice thought it not in the public interest, the financiers refused to touch it. Claude Autant-Lara's projected film on the problem of conscientious objectors also failed in its pre-censorship test and probably will never find sufficient capital for production.

As a result the French industry to-day more often than not plays safe. "Social" films are approached gingerly. No one dares turn out a real document on the Resistance movement any more, nor even on the housing problem. No one attempts to give an honest account, say, of what is happening to French youth. In the industry people now assure you that *La Vie Commence Demain* would not be undertaken again. This timid self-censorship is beginning to sap the

vitality and quality of French films. If it continues, the industry's hitherto successful fight against a Hollywood invasion may well be lost to its own fifth column.

Paris, September. HERBERT STEINHOUSE

Austrian Summer

FRAU G., who runs a *pension* in the Innere Stadt, complains about business. Her Hungarian refugees have moved on westward, there is only a thin trickle of tourists, and she depends on business people from the provinces and on a retired American General who has lost his heart to Vienna. I agree with her that there is a general conspiracy to warn tourists off. One friend of mine was told by a leading travel agency that access to Vienna was impossible, another that he could only go with an organised party. All this is drivel; travel across the Russian zone to the capital is entirely without incident; you only need a grey card, which is issued in London automatically and in a few days.

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It is French month. The Powers control in turn the international sector in central Vienna. The only outward sign of the change is a military police jeep drawn up on the pavement in the Kärntnerstrasse. The French are the least unpopular occupying Power, for they do things rather in the way the Austrians would; though in point of fact they dislike Austria and keep very much to themselves. I notice that their jeep has remained with its wheels askew, just as it was driven off the roadway. All the other Powers calculate its position to the inch. Later I pass an international patrol, the famous "Four Men in a Jeep." They don't actually ride in a jeep, but in the Dodge light truck, which is more dignified and which I remember from Army days as a much better vehicle.

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Walk through the arches of the Neue Hofburg, across the vast Heldenplatz flanked by the tremendous curve of masonry, and under the screen which commemorates the battle of Leipzig. The range of big buildings—Museums, Parliament, Rathaus, ending with the graceful Votivkirche—is perhaps the finest urban landscape in Europe. Coming back, we are warmed by the more intimate charm of the old Hofburg (not that we need warming in the Danubian summer). The narrow streets of the Innere Stadt invite a comparison with Paris; it is like leaving the Right Bank for the Saint-Germain-des-Prés district.

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There are five foreign reading-rooms, one maintained by each occupying Power and one by Hungary. Going into the excellent British place to read yesterday's London papers, I notice that the clock has stopped at ten to three—a delicate attempt to convey the atmosphere of Grantchester?

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Swimming in the Old Danube, a lake which was once an arm of the river. You need to be a very strong swimmer to tackle the Danube itself. In this lake there are half a dozen *Strandbäder;* we visit two, one belonging to the State, the other to the city and called the Arbeiterstrandbad. They are beautiful places, with a cheap entrance fee, plenty of space, swings and seesaws for the children, and, in the State bath, a charming open-air restaurant. Here you get a three-course menu for six schillings—one and eightpence at our favourable exchange, perhaps three bob in terms of Austrian prices. But the inflation is so rapid that this may have gone up by now. People are enjoying themselves in a relaxed, friendly manner, and they let the children wander off alone in the English way, pleasant to watch after the over-tender vigilance we had seen in Italian parents.

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Spending Sunday afternoon in P.'s big garden, we discuss the Austrian character. All the Austrians present run their compatriots down ferociously, which seems to be a national habit; we stick up for them. The talk turns to the attitude to the Occupation forces. Austrians now regard the Occupation with resigned tolerance, like a prolonged spell of bad weather. I noticed this while lunching at the Leopoldsberg, where a party of British airmen made conversation almost impossible by droning out, from their private room, "Nellie Dean" and "Rose of Tralee" in that funereal dirge which passes for singing when Englishmen gather; people shrugged as one does when atmospherics prevent radio reception, but showed no resentment.

P. and his friends say the Russians will never live down their undisciplined behaviour when they first arrived, though this has been vastly exaggerated in the course of the Cold War, and everyone agrees that nowadays the Russians are most correct, and that the sector where a girl can't walk home alone is the American. P. tells a story which he got from a woman who was having a baby in a Catholic hospital. A girl in the same ward was bringing an illegitimate child into the world. The nun on duty told P.'s friend that the poor thing had been seduced by a Russian, who never came to see her and did not seem even to care if his child were a boy or a girl. "But, do you know, an American friend of the family comes with flowers every single day."

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An evening with L., an American friend, and several of the American official colony. One woman tells me that their life here is so cheap and easy that they dread going home, and each person who revisits the States brings a more frightening account, especially of the prices. She says they come to take for granted two or three servants and the ability to give parties on an ambassadorial scale; on their salary scale they would be doing their own washing-up if they were at home. L. himself has a vast garden much enjoyed by his poodle. The people who have the other half of the big house own an Alsatian, still very gruff and dangerous when we were here last year, but now quite amiable and timid—thanks to the influence of the poodle, says L. But this reformation has also destroyed the Alsatian's active interest in sex. He has become an insatiable *voyeur* and watches the poodle's intimate moments from a corner of the orchard. Once the poodle absented himself from felicity awhile to rush down and give the big dog a painful bite. The Alsatian fled.

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We leave Vienna by the American route. Crossing the Russian zone we meet many American cars but hardly any Russians, and deduce that they are kept clear of the road for fear of incidents; on the British route this was not so. The atmosphere at the border is also quite different from that on the Semmering, where the inspection by both British and Russian sentries was perfunctory and done with a joke. Here, at Enns Bridge, there is an air of tension, nobody smiles, and although the Russian only glances at our documents the Americans keep them for several minutes, copy everything down, and with their solemn air make us feel we are crossing some Rubicon. We continue on the main Salzburg road. The driving of Army trucks and jeeps is alarming, and we keep passing roadside crosses which the Americans have erected to commemorate fatal accidents to their soldiers. In 25 miles we count five new-painted crosses telling of altogether ten deaths. We turn with relief into the unpaved, winding road to Braunau.

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Stopping to picnic in a pinewood, we stroll off, picking wild blueberries, and meet an old man who invites us to his cottage. Deep in the wood, it looks like the house in the Hansel and Gretel story. The man and his wife regale us with ham, the tasty black bread, cake, and huge mugs of *Most*, a kind of cider but made here with both apples and pears. He is a roadworker and gets 900 schillings a month, a subsistence wage with prices as they are. As there is only one road within miles and it is in shocking condition, his duties can't be onerous. He talks with the slow sincerity of country people everywhere, which is the more attractive in Austria since there is seldom any country denseness of intellect. He lost two sons, both killed before they were twenty, in the last war, and asks me earnestly if there will be another. Here, as in all countries which had heavy losses, war is not "politics," it is a matter of obvious general concern, like the next harvest.

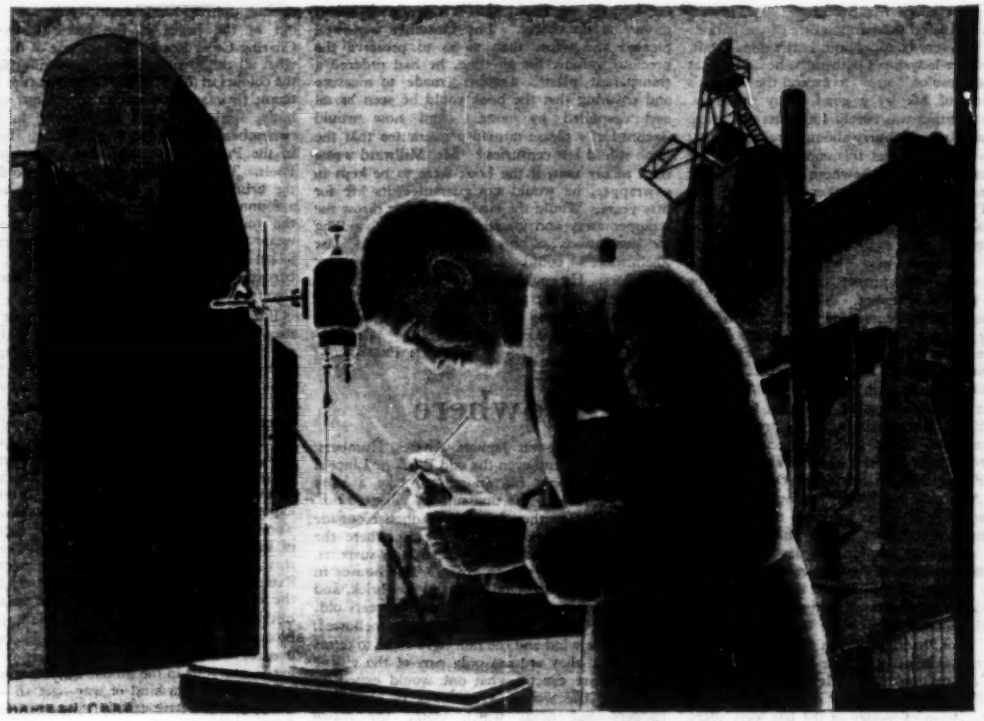
MERVYN JONES

Precious Books

WITH a steady hand and using a sort of surgeon's knife, Miss Gladys Edwards scrapes the edges of the torn paper, where a corner of the page is missing. She has been with Zaehnsdorf's for twenty years; and the works manager, Mr. Margetts (35 years with the firm) tells me that her hands were equally steady when she was scraping away at a damaged sheet of a First Folio, valued at some £20,000. What really worries Mr. Margetts is how to find a scrap of paper exactly to match the fibre of the torn page. Colouring the paper is not a serious problem; and any missing print is facsimiled in so neatly that even an expert might not spot it at first glance, after Miss Edwards, applying a very thin layer of a very special paste, has wedded the torn page and the new scrap to make a perfect match. But fibre-matching is tricky, and the search may take weeks.

Established as bookbinders for well over a century, Zaehnsdorf's have developed a technique for mending books so famous that, last year, even the Polish Government had to come to them for the repair of a historical document damaged in the war. Finding it too expensive, they decided to facsimile rather than commission the sort of repair job that, with a bulky and badly damaged volume, may run to a bill in four figures. Restoration is fascinating work, and the "knitting" of torn pages is only an exceptional part of it. In general, "treatment" has to make good the ravages of time and nature, rather than those of accident or negligence; and whatever may be the future possibilities of manipulating human glands, an extension of the natural span of life can certainly be secured for those of our books whose longevity is incomparably greater (and perhaps more desirable) than ours. The operative word is what the trade calls "size"; this gelatine-like substance really represents the life-blood of a book. When pages of treasured old books show signs of "foxing," those yellow spots merely mean that the "size" is going out of the paper. The remedy is to put it back, and that is precisely what Zaehnsdorf's do—a very special treatment and a very special "know-how" developed in decades of practical experience.

I watched a Boydell Shakespeare being given a



RESEARCH AND PRODUCTION

THE chemical industry is the keystone of national production. Without a vigorous and efficiently organised chemical industry production would suffer almost at once, alike in factory and in field. Without constant supplies of chemicals the staple industries of Great Britain could not continue. Coal, iron and steel, for example, generally accepted as the basic materials of Industry, cannot themselves be produced without chemicals. Nor can basic foodstuffs like wheat and oats and even milk. There is scarcely a trade or manufactured article which does not depend upon alkali or acids. The products of organic chemistry, based on coal, expand in volume and variety as new uses are found for them. These uses range from dyestuffs on the one hand to drugs, antiseptics and anæsthetics on the other. Chemicals are necessities. But it is not only in the supply of essential raw materials that the chemical industry is fundamental. Chemical research is equally fundamental in the sense that research, relentless but imaginative, vitalises all production both in Industry and in Agriculture. The responsibility of the research chemist is enormous. He must concentrate on the manifold day-to-day problems of this trade or that without ever losing sight of the distant horizon and the boundless possibilities opened up by his own discoveries. He must ensure the Present and make possible a richer Future. In research laboratory and in factory the British chemical industry serves the world's needs, striving always to achieve greater efficiency, better processes and a constantly increasing flow of new products.

ICI

P.R.15

bath and a brush-up. Mr. Bradshaw (20 years with the firm) regulated the temperature of the bath as carefully as a very conscientious lady's maid; but, instead of her ladyship's bath-salts, he added just the proper dose of "size" to extend the volume's expectation of life by a good many centuries. Since this edition was barely 150 years old, there should have been no hurry about its rejuvenation; but it so happened that this copy, owned by the Guild Hall and stored elsewhere during the Blitz, had been damaged by fire and even more badly by water. The "invisible mending" of singed pages had already been done; all that remained to be done was to give each of the hundred plates its bath containing new "size" and also some burned sugar—the proper dose to make the restored book look its age.

Zaehnsdorf's, of course, are binders, as well as restorers; and a book-lover will perhaps derive more aesthetic pleasure from the Finishing Department, where I watched Mr. Dixson (33 years with the firm) put the last touch on some very beautiful leather bindings, while Mr. Greenhill (34 years with the firm) proceeded to treat the gold slides with a special mixture composed of milk and the white of an egg.

Considering that the Stationery Office and the British Museum maintain their own establishments, who are now the principal customers for handsome binding and proper maintenance of books? Primarily the Universities and kindred institutes, as well as Town Halls. Much of the precious binding commissioned these days is not for books but for addresses, testimonials and other ceremonial documents. But what about the ordinary book, hand-bound in handsome leather, though not over-ornately, for private collectors, who are not millionaires? Here price is a factor. Fine bindings are relatively cheap, considering the depreciation of money in the last forty years. A normal-sized book in full morocco, which retailed at 2 guineas in 1913, would cost about £5 when produced to-day. This means that there still is a substantial stratum of private customers with the urge (and the means) to acquire books to last for generations. But the market is obviously restricted and the emphasis nowadays is on quality rather than quantity. Favourite books are selected for binding; the old days when bindings were ordered "by the yard" to fill shelves are gone.

Even so, the few firms concerned in this craft have far more work than they can handle. Much arises from neglect in the war years and above all (so far as Zaehnsdorf's speciality is concerned) from the need to repair war damage to public and private collections. Yet, though for years to come Zaehndorf's could find work for twice their present staff, they feel that they cannot, in fairness, quarrel with the decision of the National Union of Bookbinders to grant them a quota of only five apprentices. It takes six years for an apprentice to qualify, and a trade union, after all, must take a long-term view. Once the present glut of post-war work ends, the market may shrink.

I asked Mr. Millward, the general manager, to give me his recipe for prolonging the life of a book. "Handle it," he said; and added that, just as pearls are said to become dull when kept in a safe and denied the touch of their owner's neck, so a well-bound book needs frequent handling. In a shelf holding Defoe's Collected Works, Mr. Millward (so he told me) can generally spot *Moll Flanders* at a distance of several yards. Why? Because that particular leather-back invariably shines among its duller neighbours.

As for a sure way to spoil a book's longevity, Mr. Millward told me of a wealthy American customer who had his family history bound as handsomely as Zaehnsdorf's can do it when money is no object. The customer was well pleased and wrote that, so as to preserve the precious volume for all time, he had ordered a transparent plastic wrapper, made to measure and ensuring that the book could be seen by all and despoiled by none. And now would Zaehnsdorf's please airmail a guarantee that the book would last centuries? Mr. Millward wrote back to say that, if the book were to be kept in a wrapper, he would not guarantee its life for fifty years. Would the customer please throw the wrapper away and guarantee plenty of handling by generations of his family. In that case Zaehnsdorf's could guarantee the book for 500 years. He could, of course, have added that at the end of that period it would be merely a question of putting new "size" into the paper, with a proper dose of burned sugar.

HEINRICH FRAENKEL

Nowhere

THE cars—post-war Jaguars, Alvises, Humbers, Rileys, Allards and even the odd Buick or Lincoln with luggage-boot big enough to take a baby Austin—hardly fit the unassuming village. But, come to that, neither does the roadhouse outside where they're parked. It was built where the main street ends and where, one strongly suspects, there once was a village green. The houses in the main street are sandstone and red brick, and none of them is more than a hundred years old; this village is no showplace. They have mellowed, though; the wind and the rain have come to terms with them, they are not only part of the village but they are exactly what one would expect to see from the woods—green seas of owls and badgers—and fields which clothe the road's narrow shanks. The red brick of the roadhouse won't ever mellow, and its huge bulk is as incongruous as a warehouse. Except for its naked asphalt parking ground, it looks exactly as it was meant to look: like a stockbroker's country seat, the glittering prize for which the Fiat 500s and M.G.s and Morris 8s cowering by the bigger cars like poor relations might strive.

Inside, the big entrance hall smells like a swimming baths—an aseptic yet curiously organic smell, rather as one imagines the flesh of an American woman who uses all the deodorants and antiseptics the advertisements recommend. The Public Bar is the cheapest (which means that your pint only costs you threepence more than in most other pubs). Strangely enough, it's always the least crowded, which means that you will be served in five minutes instead of ten. To drink here is an admission that your income is less than a thousand and that you came by bus or in a small pre-war car. And the room has a slightly seedy quality halfway between comfortable scruffiness and interesting squalor, as if whoever had chosen the sporting prints and oak furniture were having difficulty in keeping up the payments.

The women are slightly seedy too. A lot of unaccompanied women come here—the roadhouse is, in a discreet English way, a kind of brothel. The women sit round the room nursing half-pints, looking bored, but somehow or other by the end of the evening they won't be alone and the half-pints will have turned into small ports. The quality of the women varies according to the room: the women here have a local accent and contrive every five minutes to show most of their legs. The barmaids, however, don't vary much; they're chosen for their looks; tonight there's a blonde in a black chiffon blouse and a brunette in a tight red sweater—they're standardised even to their uplifted bosoms and fixed smiles, straight out of the pages of the erotic magazines in Charing Cross Road. To take one of them out is what all the men want; as the evening advances, the colours in the wine and liqueur bottles focus on them; their smiles seem an invitation; suddenly, hotly, stories of what they're like in bed are remembered. But they'll never have the chance in the Public Bar unless they come up on the Pools. The middle-aged man trying to flirt with the brunette wears a ready-made blue suit with a fountain-pen and pencil in his breast pocket; the young man staring hungrily at the blonde wears a stiff collar with his Dewsbury tweed jacket and black shoes with his flannels; and the barmaids know exactly what income these things signify.

But in the Lounge—twopence a pint more—they wear the right kind of shirts and tweeds which come from Harris and shoes deep brown with wear and polish and suede which hasn't gone piebald. And here are the enamelled secretary types with Bond Street accents, rather like Peter Cheyney heroines, their red-faced friends on the verge of fifty—friends, not boys or gentlemen, the providers of gin-and-it and Pimm's and Moussec (later to be paid for on the back seat of the Jaguars or after yet another drink in the expensive flat). There are very few unattached women here, and instead of showing a great deal of leg they keep pulling their skirts down over their knees—a kind of dishonest provocation, as if to emphasise the fact they have legs. Before the evening's over, the young man in the grey birdseye suit will be sitting beside the platinum blonde in the far corner; he'll knock her drink over or she'll ask him what time it is or he'll even—everyone in the Smoke Room knows everyone else in a dim kind of way—get an introduction. You can have exactly what you want in the Lounge.

Seediness is in another world. Here is the unmistakable smell of money: cigars, whisky, and the kind of perfume which friends like to give to a girl. The talk is of money, when I went over in the Skymaster, money, what I said to the man from Whitehall, money, I got ninety out of her on the Great North Road, money, old Harry's slipping and money—deals, arrangements, contracts, bonds, stocks and shares, you can't trust these bloody Jews—a paper jungle with whisky at the drinking-holes.

The landlady spends most of her time here. She might be thirty-five but probably is fifty—a plump woman with a greedy nose, platinum hair, a cupid's bow of lipstick over the hard mouth like a pink ribbon tied on a bayonet. Her dress is low-cut but somehow doesn't show anything; the skirt is slit at the sides but somehow her legs never seem to be there. She would be attractive enough if only one didn't feel that an embrace would entangle one painfully in a maze of nylon straps and that her smooth face would be as hard and cold as chromium. Her smile never relaxes and her eyes never stop examining the room. There are no fights here and if anyone with an income of under a thousand comes in he'll find that it takes him half an hour to get a drink. And, one almost feels, if one were to talk about God or art or say a kind word for the Government, those pale unwinking eyes would somehow or other see that one wasn't admitted again.

The dancehall next door, for all its size, is crowded. Occasionally a couple from the Lounge go in for a dance, but they don't try to get a seat at one of the tables round the dance-floor; despite the fact that here the drinks cost most (one-and-nine a pint of mild and if you don't buy the waiter a drink you'll have to wait a long time for another) it's definitely *déclassé*: the

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under a thousand use it under the delusion that it's cheaper than an ordinary dancehall. Here are the American shirts—buttons on the collar-points or points so long that if they were stretched out they'd reach past the padded shoulders; here is the oiled hair, worn long but trimmed so sharply at the back and sides that it looks like a not very good wig. And here are the white rayon ties with bubble dancers on them and the co-respondent shoes with white trimmings and thin soles and cracks in them after a week's wear; but in the haze of smoke and music there are moments when the clothes look as they did in the shop window, and the young men move like happy panthers and the girls' tinted hair is bright as spangles and their breasts move against their dresses, alive.

Now and again there's an eddy in the crowd and a waiter walks out quickly with his arm linked caressingly but firmly to a red-faced young man's; his girl had danced with someone else, which isn't done here because a girl accepting a dance from a stranger implicitly accepts an evening's drinking and a walk in the woods afterwards. *Enjoy yourself*, the girl at the bandstand sings in Tottenham Court Road American, *Enjoy yourself, it's later than you think*, the jerky little tune dragged behind Baudelaire's words like a tin-can on a Great Dane's tail. The song doesn't belong anywhere; the roadhouse doesn't belong anywhere; half-an-hour in the roadhouse and one's reached nowhere. Nowhere as a place with its own geography and history, an independent state founded upon paper money. And after the third drink the coastline becomes clearer, looming up through the tobacco smoke and perfume and glimpses of silk underwear; a suburb in summer—tarmac and wallflowers and crazy-paving and every house with a garage (cool and dark, smelling of metal-polish and oil and grass-cuttings), and every garage with a new car. And on Sundays they potter around, they play golf, they drive into the country and sit inside their cars at beauty spots, the windows closed and everybody silent. Death and disaster come to Nowhere, but they're not spoken of, they're not made into huge symbols, there's no keening, no ceremonies, no prayers—A was caught leaving for France with twenty thousand of his bank's money, B's husband left her because of something queer about the maid, C's wife came home sooner than he'd expected and found him with the girl from next door. And there are operations, after fifty there are always operations and treatments and ulcers and diets and agonies—everyone in Nowhere eats, drinks and copulates too much. The money flows in from sitting in the office from ten till five, five days a week, from telephone calls, conversations at the club, long lunches—sherry and chicken and brandy. And, with the money, car accidents, jokes about rings and weapons and Jews, drinking-parties in the Council Chambers, the different way of greeting the success and failure. This is what everyone here wants or what they've got already—a home from home for the tailor-made Harris tweed in the Lounge, the illusion of home for the American shirts in the dancehall, and the ready-made suits in the Public Bar. Here is the way out of dull, drab Somewhere, but everyone escapes to the same place; it's an organised excursion.

And as one goes out of the roadhouse into the summer evening one remembers the *Dragon*, with its green cockatoo which swears in three languages and was at Trafalgar. And the *Stag*, which has a cricket team which plays against the *Dog and Gun* and the *Traveller's Rest*; and the pubs which have notices of darts and dominoes fixtures, and Christmas Clubs and raffles and charabanc outings and even the tough pubs in industrial cities (a pint of swipes for ninepence, hard wooden benches, sawdust and the smell of sweat) where no stranger dare enter—one thinks of these places with nostalgia, places and people, somewheres and someones. And the roadhouse seems bigger than when you went in, it colonises the whole village, making even the cows seem unreal, extras in a British travelogue; and the cars roar out of the parking-ground—money and lust and the pride of the eye—out of nowhere into nowhere.

J. G. BRAINE

The Arts and Entertainment

ARDÈLE

M. ANOUILH has caught on with the theatrical *entrepreneurs* in a quite surprising way—we are to be given three of his plays this autumn. Surprising, because he is by no means an obvious winner. His plays are too intelligent, too unexpected, and too serious, behind their comedy facade, to be certain successes. In any case three plays in as many months may seem a little too much in the case of a writer whose flavour is not only very distinctive but also of a bitter-sweet kind which satiates the appetite. However we are by no means cloyed yet, and the first of the three, *Ardèle*, at the Vaudeville theatre, comes very agreeably to the palate in the theatrical lull.

For *Ardèle* is, without qualification, the wittiest play seen in London for—well, anyhow, let's say for a year. M. Anouilh is not a deep writer: he is not a tragedian: he hasn't, like Sartre, a philosophic core to give his work a structure. What he has, developed in a very high degree, is the faculty which an older generation of critics distinguished as Fancy. The glasses through which he surveys the world have an odd comic distorting focus, playful, whimsical and wry. And he imposes this view of the world with a striking authority in the theatre. This is very evident in *Ardèle*, in spite of a production that is at times very obviously faulty.

The time is 1912: the place the country house of a retired General and "the word," as Auden puts it, "is Love." Anouilh's authority is at once evident in the unconventional opening. Of all the ways in which to open a play a five-page monologue from the main character, the text-books would tell you, is the most dangerous. Yet that in effect is what M. Anouilh brings off, and so successfully that it isn't felt in the least as a *tour-de-force*; it clearly and dramatically establishes the atmosphere and the mood. The old General is the speaker. A mad wife calling out to him punctual as a clock every quarter of an hour (an effect that becomes absurdly and increasingly funny), a fruity chamber-maid, a young innocent in love—these are the props which keep the monologue going, fumbling and fuddling through memories of love and campaigns and a lust for life. It is a brilliant opening and brilliantly set going by Mr. George Relph.

Soon other members of his family arrive, for the General has summoned a family conference. The General's younger sister with her entourage, husband and lover. These are pure high comedy figures. The *ménage à trois* has its forms and ceremonials which the lover insists on and the husband keeps failing to observe. Then there are two of Anouilh's customary young lovers, the General's younger son, in love with the sister-in-law. Indeed each of the characters in their different ways is in love with the unattainable. The General is in love with life, his sister with love itself, her lover with her, her husband with a little seamstress, and Nicholas with his elder brother's wife. And there at the centre of the play, locked up in a room from which she never comes out, is the General's elder sister Ardèle. A hunch-back, she alone is in love with the compatible; at forty-five she has developed a passion for another hunch-back. The other members of the family gather at her door to appeal to her to see reason. This unspeakable thing—the marriage of the hunchbacks—can't be allowed to happen. The scandal would be unthinkable. The arguments take on a savage kind of humour coming from this love-raddled collection.

Unfortunately at the point where pure comedy is left behind the production begins to slip. High comedy is, of course, as safe as it could be in the hands of Miss Isabel Jeans, Mr. Ronald Squire and Mr. Nicholas Phipps. But the moment they move out into the darker atmosphere at the heart of the play, they are none of them quite so at ease. There are not enough shudders, not enough world-weariness in the second act when they are pleading with Ardèle. Then the two young lovers—typical Anouilh haunted innocents—are an absolutely vital element of contrast, and one which is almost totally lacking here: a failure of casting, this. While the horrific climax, the suicide of the hunch-backs, where farce and horror intercross, is a plain misfire. It is led up to by the first emergence from her room of the General's wife with a curdling tirade about lust. I grant that it is immensely difficult to get this over in English, yet somehow it must be got over if the play is to clinch. Miss Jane Henderson's provincial Medea, shrieking from pillar to pillar, didn't succeed. I grant, too, that it is arguable that Anouilh's device of the hunchbacks really doesn't quite hold his theme: he doesn't seem to have allowed enough for the pity that may redeem the horror. All the same to let these last moments slip is a fatal failure of production.

Yet that said, the pleasures of the evening far outweigh the final misfire. I don't remember a funnier scene than the opening of the third act, a scene in which not a word is said. After the others have gone to bed, the immensely serious young Nicholas (and how much more sourly funny the scene would have been if the seriousness and innocence of the Nicholas had been properly established earlier) comes down into the darkened hall for an assignation with his Natalie. No sooner has he settled in his hiding place than doors begin to open all over the house and people to shuffle from room to room as Lust reshuffles her pack. But this is only one of a succession of brilliant scenes and brilliant moments and memorable things. Mr. George Relph, with his stiff-hammed walk and sudden lapses into the discontented is a delight throughout. There is Mr. Ronald Squire confiding to him the details of his little affair, and no-one can slide such confidences across with so knowing a suggestiveness as Mr. Squire. Then there is a superb exit from Miss Isabel Jeans. All she has to say as she hobbles up the stairs in her constricting skirt is "I'm utterly exhausted," but it has been so well led up to that it becomes a huge laugh. And then there are Mr. Nicholas Phipps's repeatedly frustrated efforts to escape from this embarrassing family, and his eyes opening and closing like shutters in his po-faced visage. All in all, enough and to spare to compensate for the mistakes.

T. C. WORSLEY

EDINBURGH—II

IF the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York were the best (or even the third-best) orchestra in the world, then their series of fourteen conventional programmes in the Usher Hall might have been counted a Festival Attraction; But after the first glamour of listening to a new sound had worn off, there was too little to attract one to the concerts. The programmes were the sort of thing that might have been heard in the Albert Hall any month of the year, and it was easy to dislike, positively, the orchestra's playing of the classics, to feel that their rigid style was colouring Bruno Walter's Brahms with shades that the conductor did not intend. The Vienna Philharmonic, our own Philharmonia even, could have made his concerts more enjoyable.

But in fairness, praise first for four very fine performances: Mahler's and Bruckner's fourth symphonies, and Schubert's ninth, given broad

and beautiful readings by Walter; and Vaughan Williams's fourth, in what must have been the most dynamic, powerful and gripping rendering it has had in this country. Mitropoulos regards this work as the best British production of the century. And the orchestra? Well, they are tremendously efficient—undoubtedly fine, if not at all lovable. The players are plainly chosen for technical facility. They don't always keep dead together, but then they seem encouraged to play late on the beat when they get a beat at all). Nor do they ever drop below *mezzo-piano*; the hushed *pianissimo* which Walter seemed to be asking for they never achieved. Before going into details, a general fault, and their worst one, must be mentioned: in German music they seem to have no *natural* sense of the shaping and moulding of a phrase; they enunciate it distinctly, accurately, but not idiomatically. The conductor can't indicate to each player the exact relationship each note has to its neighbours in a phrase; and the players don't seem to feel it for themselves. Their performances are dispassionate.

The strings are very fine, with a strong clean tone. They don't bloom like Viennese ones, but they are miles removed from the miserable scratching we so often hear. The cellos have perhaps more buzz in their tone then I care for, and the basses sometimes sounded over-weighted (though this may have been the fault of the hall). The strength was too much for the Usher Hall; Mitropoulos said he would not have brought all the 102 players if he had known how small it was. The woodwind were not virtuosos, like our solo-orchestral players, and they had the disadvantage in tuttis of being swamped entirely by string tone. The flutes are trained to make the French sound, which resembles fluttering shreds of silver paper; the oboes, regrettably, have smoothed off their incisiveness, and pretend to be clarinets; the clarinets are good, but discreet and unemotional; the bassoons almost diffident. The brass chorus has a good solid flat sound; it doesn't blaze, like the Scala's, nor has it a warm gloss, but rather a plain matt surface like poster paint. By damping off the top harmonics the horns achieved a precise neat chording, in the scherzo of the Bruckner for instance, which richer English horns don't get.

Bruno Walter's conduct of all the works he played in Edinburgh is perfectly familiar (though perhaps his slight tendency to ponderousness, in Haydn and Mozart minuets, was just a shade more apparent). Mitropoulos, in the classics, seemed to share and even to accentuate the orchestra's faults; but the few pieces of modern music he was given to conduct—Prokofiev's fifth symphony, Krenek's Elegy for Strings, the Vaughan Williams, and two very minor American works—were brilliant. Unlike Walter, he made little attempt to elicit from the orchestra classical stylishness; he seemed to want polished, but not necessarily poised playing. At six of his seven concerts Mitropoulos was accompanying concertos; Zino Francescatti's account of the Beethoven must be mentioned. His tone was full, sensuous and singing, reminding people of Kreisler's, and though the interpretation was hardly classical and not at all intellectual, it showed a warm and musicianly affection for the phrases. Incidentally, Gioconda de Vito's Mendelssohn—even the native Scottish Orchestra was playing hack works—lacked her usual rich Italianate tone; I was told she had had difficulty in finding suitable strings.

Of the two new works, William Wordsworth's second symphony was a forthright, unboring piece of music, developing its modern material along lines suggestive of Elgar and Sibelius, and with a touch of moral uplift which should win for it a place in the English repertory. Jirák's fifth symphony seemed an effective conductor's piece, rather too reminiscent in its sounds of many film-scores. At the morning concerts, the Griller Quartet's playing was loveless, while the New Italian Quartet's two recitals showed the warm affection, the sensuous delight in the music which the others lacked (the cellos' entry in the trio of Schumann's F major quartet was one of the most enjoyable moments of the festival). Mack Harrell, in a lieder recital, gave a most musicianly account of what Beethoven, Brahms and Schubert had written, without attempting much interpretation. In *Don Giovanni* Pierette Allarie stepped into the role of Zerlina, with much charm.

Other attractions? Well, *The Thrie Estaites* is still well worth seeing—impressive, moving, at times hilariously funny, with the underlayer of tedium inherent in all moralities effectively suppressed by Guthrie's fine production. *Pygmalion* is spoilt by Miss Lockwood's Eliza, who could never never have been mistaken for a duchess. Meanwhile perhaps the Nederlands Kammerchor, the Théâtre de l'Atelier and the Yugoslav National Ballet have been enlivening things. But Edinburgh, which once aimed at assembling international excellence, now seems to prefer the popular. If the festival directors want to attract the sort of audience to whom *Lac des Cygnes*, Dame Myra's impassive Beethoven 4, and Boyd Neel's standard programmes are novel, they are free to do so; but then they must expect a grumble from the others. A new Verdi production and a new orchestra are not enough.

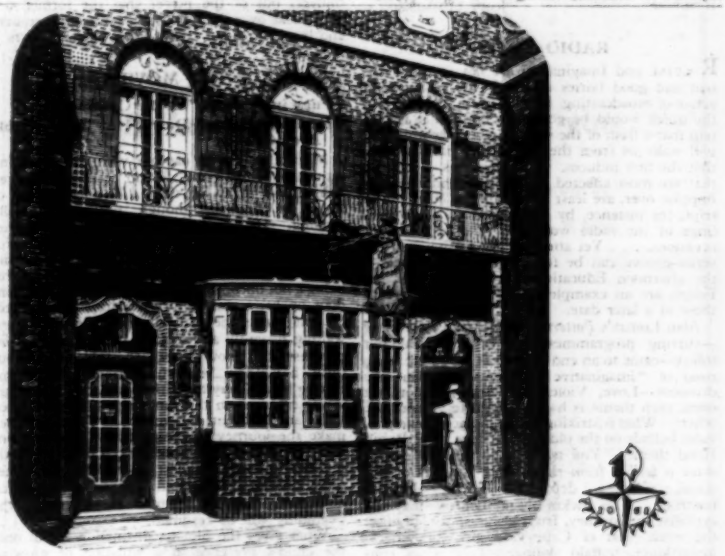
ANDREW PORTER

COVENTRY CATHEDRAL

In general, there appears to be two ways of designing a modern church. The obvious, elementary way is to grab at the disappearing tail of the Gothic Revival. This means adopting the kind of plan which a Bodley or a Leonard Stokes (masters of the "late and flat" 'nineties) might have used and giving it what is called "a modern character." This means leaving out all the expensive and technically difficult parts of Gothic, streamlining the silhouette, keeping everything plain (say two cusps for every twenty in a 14th-century equivalent) and relying on charming materials and a little sculpture on the safe side of Eric Gill. That way has the very substantial merit of being instantly acceptable to the majority of church-goers. Well done, it is completely unobjectionable; modesty and orthodoxy commend it.

The other way is to venture everything on some really striking originality of conception, to work this out as decoratively as possible, with gaps hopefully left for equally striking originalities in sculpture and stained glass, and let the root idea speak for itself. That is, in principle, the way of the exhibition designer, and there is the risk of a church designed on these lines coming out like a Pavilion of Religious Art. Thousands of church-goers will hate it and call it a biscuit-factory, but the others will retort that it is "contemporary," the 20th-century counterpart of the bold adventuring of the creators of Gothic—an analogy no less effective for being extravagant nonsense.

There may be other ways of viewing the present-day situation in church architecture, but the recent competition for a new cathedral for Coventry has underlined the prevalence of these two. Of the five designs recently exhibited at the Building Centre in London, only that by the winner, Mr. Basil Spence, inspired real confidence. Generally, the competition confirms the view that, to younger architects, the designing of cathedrals has quite lost its glamour. Traditionally the greatest of opportunities, it is precisely the one for which their present outlook unfits them. The trouble is obvious. Beyond a certain point, a cathedral "programme" is incapable of analysis. It has to be filled in with—well, with what? That is the discouraging thing; unless, indeed, the architect's personal convictions, his own feeling for liturgy and symbolism come to his aid. It is really no good supposing that the "poetry" of Le Corbusier can have the slightest relevance to a place of orthodox worship, however "liberal" the orthodoxy, or that an Anglican cathedral in the style



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of the Royal Festival Hall (optimistically adopted by at least two Coventry entrants) can be anything but, at best, a slightly blasphemous satire. A sense of grappling with material and economic factors, factors *capable of analysis*, is the life-blood of the modern school of architecture. Suspend this conflict and the architect wilts with embarrassment. There is then only one thing he can design—an Exhibition Building, a Pavilion of Religious Art.

Mr. Spence's Coventry design has a good deal of the exhibition about it. The plan, with its zig-zag outer shell, is the kind of fascinating novelty which one looks for, and finds, at South Bank (not least in Mr. Spence's own Sea and Ships pavilion); and there are the long-drawn verticals which derive from the concrete cages built as churches by Auguste Perret after the first war, but which still seem more like essays in technique than places of worship. Yet something has saved Mr. Spence. Partly, it is his own well-developed decorative sense and rich invention; and partly a real feeling for symbolism. Judging by his report, he has used symbolism as the sanction and check which the intuitive designer needs, and normally looks for in the dictates of function and a modular code. Incredibly, he was the only architect among the short-listed five who saw that a Chapel of Unity must, at almost any cost, be a centralised affair. His contention that the exterior of this Chapel is in the shape of a crusader's tent and is therefore appropriate to the crusading function of the modern church means, I suspect, more to him than it does to me, but the important thing is that it has meant something to him, just as the descending bays of his nave have symbolised, for him, the phases of human life. In other words, Mr. Spence believes in his own design—a pre-requisité of success not, I think, possessed by many of the authors of designs submitted in this competition. In an age when the designing of churches has reached a point of extreme deflation, Coventry has been singularly fortunate.

JOHN SUMMERSON

RADIO NOTES

ROUTINE and Imagination are not so much the bad and good fairies as—well—the passive and active of broadcasting. To call them the dead and the quick would be going too far; but it is certain that a flash of the second, wherever it occurs, will wake us from the mechanical half-listening that the first induces. It is the series, of course, that are most affected by the one, and, the first impulse over, are least visited by the other. The trips, for instance, by commentators, those starlings of the radio world, to notable places or occasions. . . . Yet attempts not to sink into the series-groove can be found in unlikely places—the afternoon Educational Programmes for the Forces are an example. I hope to say more of these at a later date.

Alan Lomax's *Patterns in American Folk Song*—stirring programmes, neither whimsical nor folksy—came to an end last week; they were in no need of "imaginative" presentation. But the divisions—Love, Violence, Work—are not fast ones; each theme is hardly complete without the others. What is striking is that the new scene provides ballads on the old models; here is the Robin Hood theme (*"You won't never find an outlaw drive a family from their home"*), songs of betrayal, sickness, departure, fidelity, fantasy, boasting. The sickness, of course, may be syphilis; the journey, from alehouse to jailhouse; the work, that of Cape Cod girl, lumberjack, moonshiner, buffalo skinner. Folk songs contain nearly all the plots in the world; the older they are the stranger, for age gives them a sort of obscurity. But these have their own strangeness. A song, beginning mildly enough

> I see you are a logger
> And not a common bum
> For no one but a logger
> Stirs his coffee with his thumb. . . .

turns into the maddest of fantasies, a sort of Demon Lover of the backwoods.

One feature on the Home Service—*Trafalgar Square*—came over with freshness and a touch of originality. Here's a rich subject; few London landmarks carry on their faces so much of their history, or have witnessed so many scenes of change and ferment. The writer's problem, I should say, was of too much material in too many dimensions; but it was neatly dealt with. For while we moved from sunrise to sunset of a single day, we traced the Square's story; thus the historical past and the impressionistic present were nicely combined. Some sentences stay: "Morning is ending rather untidily, as mornings sometimes do. One sets out fresh and early, one does too much—one does too little . . ."

W. W. Robson's talk *Wordsworth and Lucy* was a reminder that literary detection may be more enthralling than the kind which deals with murder—the more so because the solution can never be truly reached. The speaker's delivery was not prepossessing, yet his quest for Lucy, a long talk in which the points were illuminated but never forced, held one's entire attention. Hallam Fordham's fine reading of the poems—Wordsworth, it seems to me, at his mysterious best—provided a memorable conclusion. Of the rest of the talks Tom Hopkinson's provocative *Business: the Grave Impertinence*—so careful and deliberate in manner that not a phrase was lost—turned out to be one of the most interesting. It was a plea, based on a practical acquaintance with both worlds, for a new relationship between the man of business and the man of creative talent, for a more adventurous use of money in a Britain which has every chance of taking the lead to-day in the life of the mind. The speaker is a journalist, but I should not say that this was a journalist's talk. On the other hand, Vernon Bartlett's *Spain and the Western Powers* was. The easy, plausible manner; the suggestion (not, as it happens, a false one) of a knowledge of the country; and the superficial slick conclusions superimposed on this knowledge, were an apt illustration not only of the difference between the journalist and the thinker, but of the power that the former can wield, alas over the most self possessed of readers and listeners.

NAOMI LEWIS

THE MOVIES

"Fuga in Francia," at the Continentale
"Decision Before Dawn," at the Marble Arch Odeon

Most films try to capture with their opening sequence; some even call and beckon to us from behind the array of titles. The beginning of *Fuga in Francia*, though not exceptionally striking, sets going a movement of contraries which it will take the remainder of the piece to fulfil. A door opens and we follow a child along a corridor and through a hall: this being a not uncommon gambit. But then the front door opens, a man in priest's dress is admitted, he cuts across the path taken by the child (now waiting distantly and looking back), and it is *his* progress that now more lengthily engages us until, a window being unshuttered, they come face to face. They are father and son. The man, a war criminal on the run, finds himself saddled with an innocent accomplice. Together they make the journey to escape over the mountains into France, and the bond between them gradually severs and snaps: at last, mercifully, the father is shot dead. The child finds a good-hearted protector. That interrupted movement of the beginning will be resumed.

What gives the film its distinction is not only the child's presence in a situation of growing terror (*Fuga in Francia* preceded De Sica's *The Bicycle Thieves* though not *I Bambini ci Guardano*), but the character of the ex-Fascist, whom we are made to see however detestably, in the round. It is *his* flight, *his* life-or-death chance; we know him calmly outfronting danger, eating, sleeping, feeling twinges of affection, weighing risks—committing murder when need be. His actions are viewed with much the same dispassion that Simenon brings to his criminals, and the finely expressive performance of Fulco Lulli in the part makes him a memorable figure. He is a man among men, not an unapproachable enemy. The minor parts, by the way, are exceptionally well acted, and the direction of Mario Soldati has subtlety and power. He knows the secret of how to stretch minutes so that every succeeding second both exasperates and satisfies. How splendidly, for example, near the beginning does he enlarge upon that evening at the inn, so that a dozen or more people, each coming to life without obviously declaring him or herself, and subservient to the main event, build up a situation rich in impact and suggestion. Murder is afoot, and the naked swinging light in the courtyard makes it unbearable. Higher pitched, rather more histrionic, is the later scene in the mountain hut when the renegade's secret, so long kept back, is discovered by a concertina player who goes on with his song. Soldati gets his most impressive effects by tight reining, by never letting his drama race away into melodrama. I should like to see some of his other films, and I hope the Continentale will give us the opportunity.

Decision Before Dawn starts with the disadvantage of nearly all American war films: self-display. We get far too much about tough efficiency in the Intelligence section, and even when two German prisoners are parachuted back to spy behind their own lines they are still not quite free of their script-writer. However, within this limitation, the film (directed by Anatole Litvak and photographed on the spot) yields a remarkable picture of West Germany before the final break. The two men seeded out to return as spies are given authenticity by Oskar Wermer and Hans Christian Blech. One is killed by too much conscience, the other too little; and their epitaph seems to be that old one of the only good German being a dead German—delivered with a live American accent.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Correspondence

HOW TO CHEAPEN HOUSES

SIR,—Nothing buried for six years turns up "fresh and vigorous" on disinterment. The 1945 Report on The Selling Price of Houses, to which Mr. Edelman refers in his article is no exception.

The scheme suggested by the committee depended on the Valuation Office being able to handle the work. This might have been possible in 1945 but it is certainly not possible to-day. The Report (paragraph 26) makes it clear that if there was to be a control it could only be for a limited period after 1945 because "Valuation as at 31st March, 1939, requires adequate personal knowledge and experience on the part of the valuer of the market conditions then obtaining. The greater the distance in time from that date and those conditions at which the valuation takes place, the greater the difficulty of making an accurate valuation and the smaller the number of valuers with the requisite knowledge." Furthermore valuers have been presented, since 1945, with two heavy duties—the assessment of claims under the Town and Country Planning Act 1947 and the new rating valuations under the Local Government Act 1948. They are at present overwhelmed with work and are likely to remain so for several years to come.

However, assuming these technical objections did not exist would the benefit gained justify setting up the complicated administrative machine which would be required? The 1945 Report was based on the assumption that by 1950 prices of pre-war houses would fall to replacement level which they estimated would than be about 50 per cent. above 1939 prices! The committee thought the situation required a short-term control for a temporary war-time inflation. But building costs are now *three times* 1939 prices and are still rising. The inflated vacant possession price of houses is disappearing not, as the committee expected, by prices coming down but by building costs going up. If a controlled price should now be

calculated on the basis recommended in the report it would need to be at three to four times the 1939 value.

Though a control is now both impossible and worthless it might have been imposed in 1945. Why then did Mr. Bevan, not a man to be deterred by administrative difficulties, bury the Report?

The answer is, I think, quite clear. The Report was based on the assumption that, as before the war, the building industry would be mainly engaged in erecting houses for sale to the middle classes. If it had done so then no doubt in a few years the shortage of houses for sale would have ended. But Mr. Bevan had other ideas. He required the building industry to concentrate on the erection of council houses for letting. Such a deliberate restriction on the building of houses for sale on the open market could only have the effect of exaggerating and prolonging the post-war inflation in house prices.

You can't take away from the rich to give to the poor without hurting the rich. I am sure Mr. Bevan was aware of that simple fact: that he knew that a policy designed to improve working class housing conditions would make things tougher for the middle classes. I doubt if he lost any sleep over the sight of the middle classes bidding in the auction of pre-war houses or, indeed, that he had any particular sympathy for the working man who wanted to use his savings to purchase priority in the housing queue.

I am not arguing here for or against Mr. Bevan's housing policy. But that it was a clear logical policy and Mr. Bevan knew what he was about I have never doubted. Now we have Mr. Edelman, a Labour M.P., concerned with the woes of prospective property owners; bewailing the direct, natural and presumably intended results of his party's policy and referring to Mr. Bevan's "substantial demerit." Very odd, very curious.

W. S. MUNRO

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THE FEAR NEUROSIS

SIR,—Our leaders in this country and America still say, though with decreasing conviction, that they will wait eagerly for "real evidence of a change in Soviet intentions." Several journals, including your own, have asked what evidence short of unconditional surrender they would be likely to find convincing. There is a feature of the present situation which has been insufficiently stressed in this connection. It is that since 1940 the policies in which we are involved have become, almost imperceptibly unless one was watching for the change, policies whose entire real motivation is unconscious.

Even if we give full weight to Marx, the present situation is not explicable in terms only of power politics and economic competition. History suggests that a collision of interest between two great Powers, neither of which can defeat the other in war without risking ruin, settles itself traditionally in terms of spheres of interest. It has always, I think, been arguable whether, even in terms of power politics, America is strategically threatened at any point whatsoever. What is coming to the top in America to-day is not the need for self-defence, or even the need for imperialist expansion, but the need for an enemy, a need arising from psychopathology, not politics. If there were no Soviet Union, no Communism, it would have been necessary to invent them. In such an enemy there can be no "evidence of a change of heart," because to admit any change would be to destroy the enemy's emotional function.

The determinants of this intensely dangerous pattern go deep in American culture, though in the past they have generally been under the control of saner and more liberal traditions. The repressed revulsion and guilt over the violence of the last war, and the atomic bomb in particular, have shaken that control. To a public traditionally pacific such contradictions of upbringing must be rationalised at almost any cost. If this is so, and I believe the detailed analysis of American society and literature upholds the idea, every new act of violence, every new Syngman Rhee, aggravates the position. It explains the disproportionate savagery of the methods of war which the Pentagon advocates. The last time a great nation became the prey of forces of this kind, the outcome was written in Belsen. Nobody suggests that other nations and other governments are immune to such forces. Russian internal politics have suffered much from them. But the United States is *par excellence* the emotionally-driven Power of the post-war scene. And in its policies, forced, through its social system, upon saner administrators by the certifiable fringe, we are still dumbly acquiescent. Paranoia is contagious. When a man of Eisenhower's calibre can talk of a crusade against Communism with atom bombs as a practicable reality, we begin to realise how contagious. The forces of sanity in America are both strong and culturally deep-rooted. We are doing nothing to uphold them, and they may go by default, or be stampeded by a calculated device. Other forces than the ordinary pressures of profit and prestige will ensure that, if Russia is combative, she is denounced as a warmonger, and, if conciliatory, as a hypocrite. Will the delegates at the Japanese Treaty Conference remember the gibbering hysteria which followed Pearl Harbour? Will they remember that if the "little yellow bastards" who were yesterday attempting to "rape civilisation" are gallant allies to-day, the "diabolical forces of evil" which have replaced them in the imagination of Senator McCarthy may, in a depopulated world ten years hence, prove in retrospect to have been ordinarily misguided human beings? Will we in this country, drawing on a sense of historical balance which is rare in the political record, allow our fate to be sealed by a small but vocal minority of mental patients playing upon the endemic neurosis of a sick nation?

ALEX COMFORT

20 Honor Oak Road, London, S.E.23.

THE PASSPORT

SIR,—The affair of Dr. Burhop's passport raises some interesting questions. How, for example, should scientific workers act to preserve their mobility? I do not use the word freedom, because, by definition, all inhabitants of the "free world" possess this precious jewel. At first sight the technique of the late Vicar of Bray commends itself. But even this may not work indefinitely. At the present time one can hardly be too friendly with Americans; but if, in the future, our Government adopts a more independent or a more European foreign policy, a record of such a friendship may restrict the area within which travel is permitted. The best policy is probably to avoid work, not merely on armaments, but on any topic which appears likely to become of national importance during the worker's lifetime.

What will be the immediate effect of preventing Dr. Burhop from visiting the Soviet Union and neighbouring states? If he possesses any special knowledge which would be of value to them, and it is feared that he may communicate it wittingly or unwittingly, he is still in a position to do so, since he is not forbidden to meet physicists from these lands at international meetings. On the other hand he cannot visit their laboratories and see for himself what non-secret work is being done in them. Had he been permitted to do so he would have brought back information which would certainly have been of value to British physicists, and might ultimately even have got round to M.I.5.

If Military Intelligence services lived up to their name they would encourage such visits. If Dr. Burhop is more sympathetic to the Soviet system than some of his colleagues, he is for that very reason more likely to collect useful information.

What, then, is the motivation of the restriction on his movements? I doubt whether it is a rational one. It may, of course, merely be to "smear" him as an individual. But its psychological effect on thousands of scientific workers will be to reinforce the belief that our Government does not wish them to know about scientific work in the Soviet Union. Such ignorance may be useful in its immediate political effects; but it does not add to the strength of our nation either for war or for peace.

Were ethical arguments in place here, I might have brought them forward, but if one is not to court dismissal as an unpractical idealist, one should perhaps criticise governmental actions entirely in terms of expediency.

J. B. S. HALDANE

University College, London.

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DIVIDEND FREEZE

SIR,—As against your view that a mixed economy cannot survive dividend limitation, I should like to point out the following facts:

First, the general point that dividend limitation is in operation in Holland, Norway and Sweden—the system in the latter country being quite similar to our own. The economies of these countries have not, as far as I know, been adversely affected thereby.

Secondly, it is relevant to note that the contribution of institutional investment, where the risks are spread over a large number of investments, is now so great compared to that of individuals that (judging from the White Paper on National Income and Expenditure for 1949) private investors probably contributed nothing to the total capital of public companies in that year—i.e., their sales of stock totalled as much as their purchases. What is more, the proportion of risk-bearing stock held in institutional portfolios is also steadily rising—for example, from 1945 to 1949 the holding by Insurance Companies of ordinary shares rose by 66 per cent., compared to a rise of 44 per cent. for preference shares and 20 per cent. for Government stock. It is also significant that huge unsecured loans are being granted direct to established industry by institutional investors—e.g., £20 million of 4 per cent, unsecured stock issued recently by I.C.I. was wholly taken up by Insurance Companies.

It is clear, therefore, that the risk for established public companies is now recognised to be so minute (especially under full employment) that it is hardly worth taking into account—only 0.05 per cent. of all companies (public and private) went into compulsory liquidation in each of the years 1942 to 1947, and voluntary liquidations were under 1 per cent. With new companies, however, special encouragement is essential; and proposals are made on this and similar points in a recent Fabian pamphlet "The Anatomy of Private Industry."

It is somewhat unlikely that dividend limitation should radically alter this tendency. In any case, there seems to be no reason why bodies like the Finance Corporation for Industry cannot be expanded and multiplied to provide capital for established companies—the risks being minimised by being spread over different industries.

Essentially, though, dividend limitation *taken alone* is no solution to the problem of the private sector of industry—it provides no way of making companies accountable to the community, or to their workers, or, of course, to their shareholders either (as Mr. Leighton so rightly remarks). The only effective yet flexible way of doing this would seem to be a revision of company law enabling these three "Co-partners" to have equal representation on the real source of authority—the Board of Directors. This is the problem which must be tackled more urgently and the pamphlet mentioned above, together with Mr. George Goyder's book "The Future of Private Enterprise," represent attempts to start the ball rolling.

Plumstead, S.E.18. NORMAN HEWETT

SERETSE AND TSHEKEDI

SIR,—Having recently returned from Serowe to meet the three British observers who have now completed their tour of the territory, I think I can put the tribal attitude towards the holding of a joint kgotla in its proper perspective. The British Government's decision to refer Tshekedi's case to the kgotla came as a shock, as unsuccessful attempts had been made by the tribe to get the Government to agree to allow Seretse to return home even as a private individual. It could not be understood why the British Government was now showing a disposition to allow Tshekedi to return to the Reserve as a private citizen and yet refusing Seretse to return under similar conditions.

The assumption of direct rule of the Ngwato Reserve by the British Government since the termination of the regency and the banishment of Seretse has plunged the territory into a constitutional problem of first-rate magnitude. Both the recent outbreak of riots in the reserve and the failure of the British observers to hold a tribal kgotla have served to underline this. It should be remembered that Britain is under a legal obligation to recognise and uphold Native laws and customs in the Bechuanaland Protectorate, particularly the laws relating to the succession to chieftainship. When the British Government refused to give legal effect to the kgotla's recommendation to confirm Seretse as chief of the Bamangwato tribe, it was creating a very dangerous precedent—especially as there was no evidence to show that the chief-designate was not a fit and proper person to discharge the functions of chieftainship.

In referring Tshekedi's case to the kgotla it would have been logical for the Government to ensure that the proposed kgotla was duly convened in accordance with Native law and custom. Tshekedi himself said that he was accepting the Government's decision on that condition. That meant that the kgotla had to be convened and presided over by the hereditary chief of the tribe or his duly nominated deputy who is normally the person next in the line of succession. If the tribe had agreed to hold an improperly constituted kgotla in deference to the wishes of the British observers, Tshekedi would have certainly objected to the proceedings as being unconstitutional. Surely if the British Government was sincere in its desire to give Tshekedi a fair trial and to validate the kgotla proceedings, it could have granted Seretse special permission to return home for the purpose. The responsibility for the failure of the observers' mission to hold a representative kgotla rests entirely with the British Government and not with the tribe.

The British Government's handling of the Bamangwato chieftainship has engendered a more intense feeling of mistrust and bitterness in the tribe than Government officials, the British observers or the Press representatives who have been in the territory recently have appreciated. The tribe feel that their hereditary chieftainship has been sacrificed on the altar of political expediency. Tshekedi's case is regarded as a mere side-issue and its solution depends on the return of Seretse to the territory.

27 Mylur House, W. S. PELA
114 Jeppe Street,
Johannesburg.

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CONSTANT LAMBERT

SIR,—Sir Osbert Sitwell does Constant Lambert a disservice when he asserts that he was killed by impolite criticism of "Tiresias." Lambert was himself a critic as Sir Osbert is, and had been a musical journalist. He was too big to be so grievously affected by what people said or wrote about his music. And I who did my best carefully to assess each new work as it appeared and spent some bitter hours writing an obituary of him take it hard that so mean a brickbat should be hurled at my head. Sir Osbert is a master of words. Can he not specify more precisely what he means in this context by a critic? For I believe he has in mind something quite other.

Blackheath, S.E.3. SCOTT GODDARD

BEER AND BUTTERFLIES

SIR,—Why should a proposal to name Harlow public-houses after butterflies and moths be given a place in "This England"? The Red Admiral, The Tortoiseshell, The Small Copper, The Dingy Skipper, The Large Copper, The Grizzled Skipper, The Brimstone and The Painted Lady—surely these are all in the good old tradition?

C. V. FARRINGTON

7 Boswells Drive, Chelmsford.

DIRTY FOOD

SIR,—I would like to correct an erroneous statement by Mr. P. G. Finn, published in your last issue, that St. Marylebone is the only Metropolitan Borough providing free washing facilities in public conveniences. St. Pancras Borough Council has this year provided free washing facilities with electric hot air hand-drying machines in four of its principal conveniences, namely, Kings Cross, Tottenham Court Road, Camden High Street and Parkway.

R. C. E. AUSTIN

Metropolitan Borough of Saint Pancras.

[Correspondents in other boroughs have pointed out that Mr. Finn erred in claiming singularity for St. Marylebone. The more the better.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

Books in General

THERE is an æsthetic pleasure to be had from the play of ideas; another from skill of expression. The great political thinkers give us the first, but rarely the second. We read their books to discover how men have regarded the problems of society; we do not take them away to read on the continental beach or at the fireside of an English hotel. Though Marx had a certain journalistic scurrility, there are few laughs in *Capital*. Lenin wrote as a peasant ploughs, turning over the sods with boorish persistence. Aristotle is as dreary as discarded lecture-notes, which is indeed the form in which his works have survived. Even the *Social Contract* would be unimpressive if it were not the book which set up the guillotine in the Place de la Concorde and sent the French armies marching across Europe. Tocqueville is the great exception. We should read *Democracy in America* with delight, even if there were no democratic countries left in the world and America did not exist. It is astonishing that there has not been an edition of this wonderful book for more than seventy years; not at all surprising that now there should be two*—one garnished with perhaps an excess of notes; the other introduced by Harold Laski in one of the last things he wrote. This extended essay should some time be retranslated into English and published separately; it is a fine piece of scholarship, with greater clarity and force than much of Laski's later writing.

Tocqueville went to America in 1831, ostensibly to study their prisons. In reality, like the Webbs in Russia a hundred years later, he wished to divine the shape of things to come. The Webbs were convinced that Russia was the Fabian Utopia; he believed that America was a democracy and that the universal victory of democracy was inevitable. Neither cared much for the country that they were supposed to be describing. The Soviet Communism of the Webbs is a country that never existed nor ever will; and posterity is more likely to read Malcolm Muggeridge's *Winter in Moscow*, if it wishes to know what Russia was like in 1933. Similarly, Tocqueville never returned to America and did not keep up the friendships he had formed there; he preferred Nassau Senior and John Stuart Mill. His picture of the Americans pales against the pages of *Martin Chuzzlewit* in which a great genius set out once and for all the soul of a people. Sainte-Beuve said of Tocqueville: "He began to think before he learnt anything"; and he missed much in the United States that did not suit his thesis. He went there when Andrew Jackson was President; yet he failed to grasp the significance of the Jacksonian revolution. He did not trouble to study American history and therefore regarded many things as democratic or uniquely American that were in fact part of the English heritage. Accustomed to the class-struggle of French politics, he thought that the two-party system would disappear where there was no aristocracy. Schooled to accept nationalism in Europe, he imagined that the American states would become distinct nations. Though he made the brilliant prophecy that Russia and the United States would be the two world powers of the future, he did not foresee the growth of industry in the United States. His description of the United States is at best a portrait of a limited Anglo-American community in New England, a community that was already being dwarfed by the advance of the frontier.

These criticisms are irrelevant. Tocqueville's subject is not America; it is democracy in America and, before he gets to the end, democracy without geographical excuse. Royer Collard described Tocqueville as an aristocrat who had accepted defeat; and this is the spirit of his book. Though he dreaded democracy, he was convinced it was coming; he wanted to discover its defects and to lay down, in good time, how they could be minimised. By democracy he meant sometimes universal suffrage, sometimes any form of representative government; but most of all, a society in which respect for rank had ceased to exist. Democracy and equality were, for him, interchangeable terms; and, despite his seemingly detached air, equality was fundamentally distasteful to him. The thing that most shocked and alarmed him, for instance, during the revolution of 1848 was that his house-porter spoke rudely to him when he came home late one evening. Hence, as he described America, he was always looking over his shoulder at the streets of Paris and even at his own porter. Many of his remedies for the defects of democracy were no more than that the French should cease to be French and should become American—coca-cola civilisation in fact. He feared the rule of the majority and foretold, rightly, that it could be the most intense and ruthless of tyrannies. He wanted to preserve exceptions, to avoid that uniformity which equality seemed to imply. But he very often gave the impression that the exceptions he wanted to preserve were the agreeable frivolities which suited the French aristocracy of the eighteenth century. Uniformity, no doubt, is hateful; but is M. de Charlus necessary in order to prove that it does not exist?

Tocqueville believed in liberty. His concern with it captivates us and makes us accept him as a great political thinker. Liberty is essential to us; and we hope that Tocqueville knows the secret how it may be preserved. When it comes to the point, he disappoints us. His only serious advice is to base society on religion; and by religion he means not moral rules or vague ethics, but revealed Christianity. This is to dodge the problem, or even to deny it. For the problem is how to preserve the freedom of the individual, how to limit the power of the majority, when rank and traditional standards have vanished. Tocqueville merely proposes that we shall pretend that one traditional standard has not vanished. The process of reason and equality is to be arrested at the gates of Heaven; and men are still to respect God even though they have ceased to respect M. de Tocqueville. He did not need to journey to America in order to discover this remedy: it has always been the stock-in-trade of conservative writers. The remedies which he thought peculiar to America, on the other hand, are watery. The jury system, to educate jurors in legal principles; local government, to provide variety and to check the tyranny of the centre; freedom of association, by which he meant limited companies and not trade unions. Indeed it did not occur to him that men who worked for their living needed liberty: the only freedom he offered them was the freedom of the frontier, the freedom to move elsewhere. It is the same, at bottom, with the famous speech which he made just before the outbreak of revolution in 1848. Again he diagnosed, but failed to cure. He foresaw an upheaval, caused by the resentment of the poor against the rich: wealth, he declared, could not be respected when all other privileges had ceased to exist. His solution was the teaching of economics. Men should be taught that wealth, like poverty, was an inevitable outcome of economic laws; then they would accept both. In short, elementary economics plus the New Testament will keep the masses quiet.

The fatal word has slipped out. Mr. J. P. Mayer, who is editing the complete works, made his name by dubbing Tocqueville "the prophet of the mass-age," and though Tocqueville spoke always of the majority, he would have welcomed the description—it was the masses that he feared. The publishers describe *Democracy in America* as being "with the *Capital* of Karl Marx, the most important political work of the nineteenth century." They are right in their judgment; right especially in coupling the two books. What Tocqueville called the majority, Marx called the proletariat; both were convinced that the masses would become all-powerful and that the class-culture of their time was doomed to perish. The only difference between them was that, whereas Marx was delighted at the thought that bourgeois liberty, bourgeois justice, bourgeois art, were doomed, Tocqueville was concerned to save as much as he could from the wreck. Hence he has become the guide of all despairing conservatives who are too enlightened to imagine that the world will stand still. Marx or Tocqueville—you take your choice. Either you are glad the age of the masses is coming; or you hope to temper the shock. No third alternative is offered.

Yet the whole thing is a swindle, a gigantic bugaboo put over by two writers of genius. Tocqueville set off the individual against the masses; but what are the masses but an assembly of individuals? Every individual is a member of some majority occasionally—even I have found myself in this embarrassing position. "The masses" is no more than a term of abuse for the majority when we disagree with it. "The masses" is always the man next door, never ourselves. Am I the masses if I enter a public-house? sit on the beach at Brighton? go to a football match? Certainly not, I am still the divine individual. All the others who are swilling beer, paddling in the sea, shouting their heads off—they are the masses, the proletariat; they will tyrannise over me, force me

* Alexis de Tocqueville: *De la Démocratie en Amérique*. Preface by Firmin Roz. Notes by André Gain. Libraire de Medicis. (London: Anglo-French Literary Services). 2 volumes. 36s.

Alexis de Tocqueville: *Oeuvres Complètes*. Edited by J. P. Mayer. Tome I. *De la Démocratie en Amérique*. Introduction by Harold J. Laski. Gallimard.

into their pattern, crush all intellectual and artistic initiative. We really ought to advertise for some member of the masses to turn up and put himself on show; no one would answer the advertisement. Communists, in their leather jackets, claim to be the masses; on examination, they always turn out to be the leaders of the masses. The masses themselves dissolve into individuals, with all kinds of different characters and tastes, shoved—poor chaps—into a procession for fear of something worse. The masses looked all alike to Tocqueville, just as we are said to look all alike to the Chinese. No doubt all writers—Tocqueville, Marx, Beverley Nichols, and W. H. Auden—look very much alike to a skilled lorry driver. Everyone is a snob; what you are snobbish about depends on what you start from. The Soviet system is not the dictatorship of the proletariat; it is a dictatorship over the proletariat. The tyrannies under which we groan, such as the clumsy lurchings of the B.B.C., are not the tyrannies of the majority: they are the work of stuck-up bureaucrats (admirers, no doubt, of Tocqueville), who would soon mend their ways if the majority had more hold on them.

In short, most of the things that Tocqueville foresaw have not come to pass. This provides an illustration of the general principle: sociology, like most works of the human intellect, is most entertaining when it is most thumpingly wrong. It would be even more interesting if a group of Tocqueville's admirers (and Marx's, too) would turn themselves into "the masses," in order to see whether they would then behave according to the rules.

A. J. P. TAYLOR.

THE LITTLE BROTHER

God! how they plague his life, the three damned
sisters,
Throwing stones at him out of the cherry trees,
Pulling his hair, smudging his exercises,
Whispering. How passionately he sees
His spilt minnows flounder in the grass.

There will be sisters subtler far than these,
Baleful and dark, with slender, cared-for hands,
Who will not grin and babble in the trees,
But feed him with sweet words and provocations,
And in his sleep practise their sorceries,
Appearing in the form of ragged clouds
And at the corners of malignant seas.

As with his wounded life he goes alone
To the world's end, where even tears freeze,
He will in bitter memory and remorse
Hear the lost sisters innocently tease.

JAMES REEVES

EXPERIENCE

Bored by the famous view, assertive bulks
Of mountains blocking out the simple sky,
We turn and in a corner of the field we find
A stone reward the not-too-anxious eye.

The chances of a match upon a stream,
An area of sunlight on a wall—
These are the things I see although I know
They will not do for travellers' tales at all.

And once with some lead soldiers and some sticks
We built a city, ruled an empire, made
A few square yards of gravel give us back
More for our love than we've been since re-paid.

So all this drunken violence and noise
Is nothing though we're quite prepared to say
That it's a great occasion. Still
I think we really wish we'd stayed away.

ANTHONY CRONIN

POLISHED ANSWER

The End of the Affair By GRAHAM GREENE. *Heinemann.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

This, it might seem, is the last book by Graham Greene which a non-specialist will be able to review. Already the experts, with the authors of book-length studies at the top and the authors of essays below, are formed into a hierarchy; plans for the projected Institute of Greene Studies are well-advanced; and Mr. Greene's work is, in short, on the very point of becoming a monolith buried in Time. Yet when we pick up *The End of the Affair*, we at once realise that the position is not quite what it might seem. We may not have read the books and the essays, but we are ourselves experts. We could not if we would come to Mr. Greene's eighth novel fresh and innocent; we are tainted and guilty. We have read so much; we have laid ourselves so freely open to infection. Subdued at once by the familiar authority, we wait for renewed knowledge of sin. And we receive it in full measure.

In *The End of the Affair* a single phrase gives us the key. As to the affair itself, that could be summarised in the language of the Sunday newspapers. "Allegations about Author and Civil Servant's Wife . . . Bendrix admitted that he had first sought the acquaintance of Mrs. Miles in order to gather copy about her husband's professional life . . . intimacy alleged to have occurred on drawing-room floor . . . Commissioner's severe remarks." All the pain and all the painful happiness hidden under the dirty silly phrases are revealed by Mr. Greene, as both the fumbling lusts and gentle smiles of lovers are caught in the white harsh glare of the headlights. But to us, the Greene experts, it is clear from the outset that the lovers are not in themselves important, and that their feeble ambivalent "love" is there merely as a tiny figure of St. Paul's is put in a photograph of the Himalayas, to give the scale. And so, all human love surpassing, we come to the key-phrase, spoken by Sarah Miles, whose story carries the weight of this book: "I've caught belief like a disease."

No English novelist since the death of Lawrence has written a phrase which is at once (a) so memorable, (b) so characteristic, and (c) so compressed a statement of the content of a novel. It seems to me that this phrase alone poses the question of whether Graham Greene is in fact a writer of the same order of importance as Lawrence, Conrad, or the other great English novelists who commanded such phrases.

Before attempting to hang any kind of an answer to this question on the peg provided by *The End of the Affair*, it may be as well to say something about the faults of this particular novel. There are, in my view, two quite serious faults, and while they are irrelevant to the major question of status, it is desirable to get them out of the way so that they shouldn't confuse the issue. The first fault is a curious one to find in the work of so distinguished an architect of the novel as Mr. Graham Greene. *The End of the Affair* falls into three parts. The first is told in the first person by Maurice Bendrix, the novelist whose affair with Sarah Miles provides the book with its title. The next part consists of Sarah's diary, the story of the disease which she catches, the disease of faith. Finally we return to Bendrix's narration. It seems to me that the transitions are not well-managed, and that Sarah's diary stands out like a lump which the book is unable to digest. Perhaps this is what Mr. Greene intended; that the growing tumour of faith should be something which we, his readers, should feel as a baleful growth which, in this life, we shall never be able to get rid of, and which finds its true significance outside of life and outside of art. Even so, the lump is too big; not the intimate terror which we fondle when we are alone, but, for the novel, a kind of awkward goitre.

The second fault is of a different kind. The Sunday-newspaper squalor of our lives, the full bloom of the intimacy alleged to have occurred on the drawing-room floor, is found in the figure of Mr. Parkis's boy. Mr. Parkis is a private detective, a divorce shadower who isn't even in business for himself, but is employed by a more successful cancer-symptom. All the exquisite moral sordidness of which Mr. Greene is the famous, faultless showman suddenly goes bad in the sketch of Mr. Parkis's relationship with his son, the motherless boy who tags around with him to learn his trade. Mr. Greene's self-parody has adorned this journal, but it does not adorn his own novel.

Yet I have said that the faults do not matter, and they do not except perhaps in that Mr. Greene's readers will, I believe, place this technically faulty novel below the technically faultless *Heart of the Matter*. Against them we must place immense skill, compelling writing, a weight of thought and feeling which no contemporary disposes with the same ease. With these we are familiar, and, as a Greene expert writing for his fellows, the reviewer need only pay a passing but profound tribute.

And now let us return to the main question: where, in the perspective lengthened by this novel, do we place Mr. Greene? If not with the major figures with whom he sometimes challenges comparison, then why not? It seems to me that the excluding factor is the very factor which gives him so much authority: a kind of certainty, rigidity, and narrowness. It was said of the men of the Oxford Movement that they were not truly Catholic because they never thought about anything except religion, and this seems to me to be both the strength and the weakness of Graham Greene as a novelist. For all its faults *The End of the Affair* contrives to give a very firm and certain answer to the questions which it raises. What we listen for, and what we miss, are the further echoes of the questions, the reverberations of the answers, which, long after we have closed his book, the great novelist leaves throbbing and ringing in our minds.

J. D. SCOTT

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People interest Mr. Kininmonth even more than buildings, and he has a happy knack of striking up friendships and of being on the spot when unexpected things happen. Rome is only incidentally a museum; it is an overcrowded, strident, considerably Americanised city nowadays, cashing in on tourism and the movie industry. It is also the Christian equivalent of Mecca to many millions, besides being the seat of Italian government and the centre of its vast bureaucracy.

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He is brilliant in his evocation of crowded scenes, like the Christmas Fair in the Piazza Navona or the entry of the Madonna di San Luca into the thronged Piazza di San Pietro; discriminating in his fondness for the authentically Roman parts of the city—the Campo Marzio, the old Ghetto, Trastevere, the fragment that remains around the Borgo Pio. They are districts that the hasty tourist cannot hope to savour; you can only get to know them by walking about them, and then only if you are not put off by the juxtaposition of squalor and magnificence.

Mr. Kininmonth is as sensitive to moral atmosphere as to physical beauty, an indispensable quality in anyone who sets out to record an impression of Rome; but his dislike of theatrical display of religious emotion has made him much less than fair to the baroque architects and sculptors who transformed Rome even more thoroughly than their Renaissance predecessors. Unless you come to terms with the Counter Reformation, you are handicapped in enjoying a great deal that is characteristically Roman.

Mr. Kininmonth did not set out to write a guide-book, so he was free to leave out what he pleased, and there are, in fact, a number of omissions that rouse our curiosity; the only art gallery that he describes, for instance, is that of the Palazzo Doria. Odder still, considering his Christian (though not Roman Catholic) sympathies, he does not mention the Catacombs. Whether you interpret them as a criticism of the way Christianity has developed, or as a pledge of its undefeated continuity, they provide the essential foil to the pomp and circumstance of the Vatican.

But for so omnivorous an observer as Mr. Kininmonth, with so inexhaustible a field as Rome, the selection of impressions must have been maddeningly difficult; and he has managed to make an artistic whole of what might merely have been another journalistic scrapbook. It is primarily his literary skill that has enabled him to do this, but also his devotion to Rome as a symbol of western civilisation. This should commend his book to many besides those who have been fortunate enough to explore the actual territory of the eternal city. Rome does not mean to Italians what Paris means to Frenchmen; it has only been their metropolis for eighty years, and their prime loyalty is usually to their own birthplace and province; but it has a tremendous significance for the northerner conscious of his debt to the Mediterranean. It is for such Englishmen that Mr. Kininmonth writes.

MARGARET BOTTRALL

NEW NOVELS

The Lightning that Struck Me. By RODERICK MILTON. *Hart-Davis.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Disenchanted. By BUDD SCHULBERG. *The Bodley Head.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Sly Hyena By BARBARA WORSLEY-GOUGH. *Michael Joseph.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

As a reviewer of fiction I am not particularly high-principled; but I have (it is only fair to say) made one solemn vow: *I will never call a first novel promising.* To do so seems to me grossly unfair to the particular first (or second, or third, for that matter) novel under review; the book is immediately thrown into a false perspective, one is, by implication, comparing it all the time with the masterpiece which its author may one day write. One knows the formula only too well: "If Mr. X. can only apply his remarkable talent/imagination/sensibility to a more adult/significant/important theme he may well prove to be a writer of considerable stature/power/genius." Perhaps one day (the reviewer implies) Mr. X. will write a novel as good as *Howard's End*: a two-edged compliment, for one is too apt to infer that Mr. X.'s first novel must be as good as *Where Angels Fear to Tread*—which, alas, it is not.

The Lightning that Struck Me is Mr. Milton's first novel, though not his first book (he has already published a volume of long-short stories, which I have not read). Perhaps one day he will write a better novel, perhaps he won't; this one seems to me excellent within its limits. It is, quite frankly, a *roman à thèse*—its thesis being the predicament of the D. P., the fugitive from behind the Iron Curtain; but it isn't, in any political sense, propagandist. Karel Volman is a production-manager in a Prague engineering firm; he holds his job under the Nazis until 1945, when he is imprisoned and sentenced to death for shielding a comrade, on the run from a concentration camp. He is released (just in time) at the Liberation, but is shortly interned once more by the Communists, merely because he is German-speaking, and therefore open to suspicion as a collaborator. He is released again, but is gradually entangled, in spite of himself, in a network of conspiracy and double-dealing. Finally, he is faced with the choice of joining an anti-Russian underground movement, or of escaping to the West. He chooses the latter; and the book ends with his midnight trek towards the Bavarian frontier—carrying a pocketful of Black Market dollars, and without a passport.

If I hadn't read the blurb, I should have guessed that Volman would either (a) join the underground movement or (b) commit suicide. What really distinguishes Mr. Milton's novel from other essays in this *genre* is, I think, precisely the unheroic, unpolitical character of his hero. Mr. Milton has no particular axe to grind: he is merely describing a situation. Volman is rooted in Czechoslovakia, but is not a fanatic patriot; he didn't like the Nazi regime, but he likes the Iron Curtain even less. ("Which was worse—a bad order or no order at all?") The underground movement is a forlorn hope: he won't stand a chance, and he knows it; on the other hand, he wants to live; so he gets out while the going is good.

Mr. Milton has, in several respects, attempted a difficult task; it is not easy for an Englishman to write convincingly about a foreign country, however well he knows it, yet the atmosphere of Prague is, for me (though I have never been there), very plausibly suggested. Mr. Milton boldly makes his Czech proletarians speak Army Cockney: this might easily jar, but (oddly enough) it doesn't. The dialogue, in fact, is excellent throughout; the story has the pace and excitement of a novel by Nigel Balchin (though without what a friend of mine has rudely described as *Balchinoiserie*); the writing, for the most part, is unmannered and rather flat, yet the cumulative effect of the book is terrifying.

Department of Nostalgia: *The Disenchanted* is a novel about the twenties, written from the point of view of a young man in 1939. It is thus doubly dated; and I think that the book's chief defect lies in this maladroit telescoping of the two periods. The hero (though he can hardly be called that) is a top-line, Pulitzer-prize literary success of the twenties; during the Munich period he is bought up by Hollywood as a script-editor; ageing, boozy, derelict, he can't make the grade: "You jokers" (says one of the younger characters) "went off on one long tear and left us to pay the check. And you don't seem to know yet that the party's over." The character of Manley Halliday is perhaps—so the blurb tactfully suggests—based to some extent upon the late F. Scott Fitzgerald; and one is tempted to retort that Scott Fitzgerald did this sort of thing a good deal better himself. The book would have been more impressive, I think, if the final agony of Halliday had taken place in (say) 1950, instead of 1939. Yet Mr. Schulberg, within his self-imposed and rather cramping limitations, has done a good job; the novel is an excellent "documentary" of the period, and I found it (despite too many irritating flashbacks) extremely readable.

Department of Gracious Living: *The Sly Hyena* is a mildly amusing, lenitive novel in the Mitford-Thirkell tradition, highly recommended

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for Sunday-afternoon-in-a-deck-chair. It is easy to be superior about such books, but personally I am an impenitent addict. If Miss Worsley-Gough lacks the wicked and irresponsible gusto of Miss Mitford, she hasn't, on the other hand, developed that disgruntled, last-ditch malice which spoils the later Thirkell. My chief criticism is that her novel falls, rather clumsily, between two stools: Psyche Robinson (the gold-digging cousin from China) introduces an element of artificial comedy which doesn't quite fit—it is as though Zuleika Dobson should suddenly gatecrash into *Barchester Towers*. Still, I enjoyed *The Sly Hyena* quite a lot: particularly the dimmer relations—the penurious Irish aunt, for instance, who had once had an *affaire* with a Wittelsbach ("of sorts"). Uncle Alfred, on the other hand, compares unfavourably with Miss Mitford's Uncle Matthew or with Mr. Waugh's Colonel Blount (the eccentric country-gentleman has, surely, been overdone). And are children, nowadays, really so precocious as we have lately been led to suppose? I cannot believe, for instance, in Miss Worsley-Gough's little horrors who translate all the League teams into French:

> "... I've thought of an absolutely super one to begin with—'Les Eperons Chauds de Tottenham!'"
>
> "I getcher . . . Wot price—I mean, quel prix 'Les Nomades de Bolton?'"

Since the children in question are aged seven and eight respectively, this seems improbable; but Miss Mitford (cf. *The Blessing*) might well disagree with me.

For the benefit of that increasing band of amateurs of English (Last-ditch) Usage, among whom I am proud to number myself, it may be added that none of Miss Worsley-Gough's characters would ever be betrayed (perish the thought!) into saying "'phone" (for telephone), or "note-paper" (for writing-paper); and the midday meal is (of course) referred to throughout as luncheon, never as "lunch." And a jolly good thing too.

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Old Friends and New Music. By NICOLAS NABOKOV. *Hamish Hamilton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Seven Summers. By MULK RAJ ANAND. *Hutchinson.* 9*s* 6*d.*

Autobiography—the art of having one's revenge. So often, anyway. Because so often, whether neat or diluted with fiction, it lacks that "detachment from self and from things and from persons" which alone enables a writer to reveal objectively himself, other people and things. Fortunately in these two books both Mr. Nabokov and Mr. Anand manage a perceptive detachment. Save for an occasional wobble, their poise is certain. Both score heavily.

Both are lucky, of course; the background is unfamiliar. Neither is faced with that impossible literary task: to ring a new change on the traumatic horrors of the locker-room, the dormitory, the showers. They transport us instead to the refreshing, exotic settings of Byelorussia, St. Petersburg, an Indian army cantonment by the North-west Frontier, the open Indian countryside.

However, with their welcome novelty all resemblance between the two books ends. Their subject matter, their tone, their impact couldn't be more different. Mr. Nabokov selecting the memorable moments of his rich, jumbled life as a composer is concerned with art, with some of its most distinguished modern producers, with periods. He has had many enviable opportunities to observe, to work and to clink glasses with greatness. He remembers that Christmas in Hollywood, for instance, when the representative of a blueprint company presented to Stravinsky the gift of a calendar on which was a different nude portrait for each month. "'Take a look at October and tell me what you think of *that*,' said the gentleman."

Mr. Anand, in contrast, is concerned with the lives of the obscure as they appeared to a young Indian child. Art in his world is represented solely by a curious spectacle called the Ras which travelling players performed in the cantonment beneath an open tent; drama by a black mood of father's; adventure by a visit to Aunt Devaki who often cooked meat; happiness by hardly anything at all.

Slowly, thoughtfully, unsentimentally, Mr. Anand's latinate periods unfold his story. At times perhaps he is a bit too carefully wistful; and one wonders whether having now become such an effective writer in English he is not succumbing a little to the temptation of posing before his western audience. Mr. Nabokov, too, is a remarkably accomplished writer; lucid, amusing, inexacting, informative. So good indeed are all his stories that by the end one begins quite unfairly to doubt whether they did happen exactly in the way he describes. But both he and Mr. Anand have produced something rather better than a collection of anecdotes, an extended gossip column, a dish of salted almonds. Through autobiography when it does become an art the writer perceives the symbolic value of his own life. And both these writers are more artists than gossips.

Take Mr. Nabokov first. His book, stretching from Glinka performed before the Tsar in St. Petersburg to *Madame Butterfly* performed before the Control Commission high-ups in Berlin, is composed of three layers. Beneath its top layer of anecdote, its second layer of music criticism, it is at bottom about that crucial question, the fate in our period of the Russian artist.

The insemination of Europe with Russian music and Russian culture generally was the work of one dynamic genius—Diaghilev. Diaghilev was that rare thing, a creative organiser; a preposterous, difficult, indispensable megalomaniac, whose judgment far exceeded his taste and whose influence was fertile and far-reaching. After his first seasons in Paris the Russian classics began to be translated decently into French, English and German. Then was it that Europe's Russian phase began. For the brilliant circle of Russian composers, artists and dancers, of which Mr. Nabokov was a late member, who worked for Diaghilev in Paris and in Monte Carlo, it was the *emigré* phase. Hardworking, gay, creative, irresponsible years.

But in 1929 Diaghilev died and a period slowly ended. After his death the validity of gaiety, of the unattached, irresponsible life began to vanish. The Soviet meanwhile had established itself. The sense of exile became an urgent moral problem. And an artistic one. For where was the gifted *emigré*, the displaced artist, to continue creative work? There were two possibilities: to go back or to go on. Prokoviev went back; Mr. Nabokov, himself, is now an American citizen. Anyone inclined to question the wisdom of his choice, or who still wonders about the position of the artist in a totalitarian country, will find his chapter on the case of Dmitri Shostakovich deeply instructive.

And then, Mr. Anand. You might almost say that he has written a study of violence as the defining quality of childhood. How tough those seven summers were! He was continually being beaten; also stoned, once from a catapault by a deaf English colonel, another time accidentally by an older boy which nearly lost him his life. Despite this, violence is not what characterises his book. Nor its brooding sultry sensuousness, nor the godlike presence of the pink-faced sahibs, arousing the tempting snobbery of Englishness. Something deeper—a sense of the rooted. Earth I find the symbol here. On one occasion he chewed the earth of India "and liked the sweet dry, dusty taste of it."

ANTHONY CURTIS

HAILEY

Native Administration in the British African Territories. By LORD HAILEY. Vol. I, 17*s.* 6*d.*; Vol. II, 10*s.* 6*d.*; Vol. III, 17*s.* 6*d.*; Vol. IV, 10*s.* 6*d.* *H.M. Stationery Office.*

When future generations study the latter-day Empire, they will be faced at the outset with one question of superlative difficulty. What were the British really after in their colonies? Was all the care and thought that were lavished on the minutiæ of colonial administration—as here, for example, by Lord Hailey—really an effort to forward the welfare of the subjugated peoples? Was the bewildering variety of experience and practice merely witness to . . . bewilderment; or was it all, as nasty people say, no more than a complicated plot to take the most while giving the least? It is doubtful whether anyone will ever find a simple answer to this: they will reach down their Hailey in vain, for Hailey hath it not.

These present volumes describe "the agencies employed for administrative purposes in local rule, including the creation of institutions of local government," and refer—important limitation—"only indirectly to political or constitutional developments." They are thus both more informative and less enlightening than another *Survey* might have been. Lord Hailey has his eyes closely on the trees, and it is only the rarest and most diplomatic glance that he gives at the wood. Even so, the performance is impressive; and is much more than a mere catalogue. Part One considers Uganda, Kenya and Tanganyika; Part Two Zanzibar, Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia; Part Three Nigeria, the Gold Coast, Sierra Leone and the Gambia; and Part Four, a single slim chapter, embarks upon a brief general discussion.

Although not intended to paint the wider picture of colonial policy, these handbooks inevitably touch at many points upon the root of the matter, which is the crisis of Indirect Rule. We live in times when it is widely recognised, even by those of eminent respectability, that Indirect Rule has failed to preserve more than a debased caricature of tribal rule. Indirect Rule has come to be seen for what it really is—the exercise of British autocracy through nominated Native officials having no democratic obligation to the people over whom they are set. Yet, as Lord Hailey writes, "it is rare to find in British Colonial Africa any instance in which the indigen-

ous form of rule previously in force could be described as autocratic, and there are not many cases in which it could be described in a strict sense as authoritarian." Now, so long as the British purpose in Colonial Africa was limited to conservation for purposes of imperial gain, Indirect Rule was an efficient instrument. If this instrument failed to conserve the tribal system, at least it preserved some of the more usefully repressive attributes of that system, and prevented the Africans from "going too fast." In most cases, indeed, it prevented them from "going" at all. But once allow the principle of African development—political and constitutional—and the whole complex of Native Authorities erected for the benefit of Indirect Rule must cease to answer the purpose.

Lord Hailey does not shirk this difficulty, although the simple and direct approach is not within his range. If Indirect Rule through autocratic Native Authorities—no matter how camouflaged by the outward flourish of tradition—is to be displaced by forms of genuine self-government in local affairs (as the prelude to self-government in national affairs), then many great changes will have to be made not only in the agencies of administration but also in the agents. "One is impressed," writes the cautious Lord Hailey, "by the fact that many of these (administrative) officers seem to have little opportunity for acquainting themselves with the procedure of administration adopted elsewhere or with the experience gained by others of its working in practice." But the real weakness of British colonial administration, not touched on by Lord Hailey, seems to be far greater than mere lack of knowledge of the way in which others "govern their Africans." If the British colonies are now to advance beyond subject status towards self-government—and that is what contemporary policies imply—then administrative officers will need to be instructed in, and trained to understand, the general *political* means by which this objective can be peacefully attained. There are far too many colonial officials who neither want African self-government, nor, even when they work for it against the inner grain, are at all equipped to promote it.

There was perhaps never a time in British colonial history when a general statement of the principles of self-government as they affect subject peoples, and of the means of advancing these principles under contemporary conditions, was more sorely needed, both by the governors and the governed. As things stand, there is ample evidence that instead of advancing towards the grant of self-government in an orderly progress we are blundering towards it, blinded partly by the smokescreen of established interests, partly by the inability of officials trained in one tradition to apply the principles of another, and partly by sheer ignorance of where we are supposed to be going. If it is really our object to grant Nigeria self-government, for example, then why in the name of sanity do we do so by means of a constitution which strengthens the more conservative and thus more narrowly nationalist elements? Why does a Labour Government in Britain not take good care to see that self-government is granted in conditions which strengthen those elements—and there are some—which would make for an enlightened and progressive nationalism? Are we to submit these new countries to all the pains and errors that have attended the emergence of nation-states elsewhere in the world? These questions might well be repeated in much the same form for other British territories in Africa. The least that can be done, at this stage, is to provide for all and sundry a clear re-statement of administrative aim and an unequivocal guide to political change—an explanation, not to shy at the phrase, of Socialist methods of colonial liberation. Lord Hailey's latest work makes the general need for this more obvious than ever. If Mr. Griffiths wants to leave his mark at the Colonial Office, he could do nothing better than to make certain that this need is met.

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GRAMOPHONE NOTES

Concertos. RACHMANINOFF: No. 2, C minor (Katchen/New SO/Fistoulari. AX 535-9, and *LXT 2595). Taken as a whole, this is the set for which we have long been waiting. It is true, I think, that Julius Katchen does not achieve the wonderful detachment, nor yet the technical control, of Rachmaninoff's own performance in the 1929 recording: he further sentimentalizes what is inherently sentimental, rushes the passage-work so that the components are obscured, and in the Finale shows a tendency to hurry ahead of the conductor. But his playing is very much alive and in the Andante attains a really noble expressiveness of touch. The recording is very good indeed, with true concert hall balance, and there is nothing to choose between the LP and SP versions. The fill-up, Chopin's *Fantaisie-Impromptu* in C sharp minor, is sensitively played. CASTELNUOVO-TEDESCO: Concerto for guitar (Segovia/New London Orch./Sherman. LX 1404-6). A charming and elegant work, reminiscent of Poulenc at his best. It is so adroitly scored that the guitar part is never drowned, even in the non-solo passages. The first movement rather outstays its welcome, but the Andante and the Finale are beautifully proportioned. The performance is a constant delight and the recording excellent. LISZT: (arr. BUSONI) *Rapsodia Espagnole* (Bachauer/New London Orch./Sherman. C 7854-5). I believe Busoni was right in thinking this brilliant piece would be improved by the addition of an orchestral part; his own, very individual scoring adds greatly to the colour and luminosity of the music. If the result is at times a bit noisy for a room, that is not the fault of Gina Bachauer, who wields the solo with splendid authority. This is not the kind of music which can be "scaled down" without loss of quality; the orchestral playing is brilliant and the recording very well managed. HANDEL: Concerto Grosso, D major, Op. 6, No. 5 (Philharmonia Orch/Markevitch. C 7852-3). This work is available in two other recordings, by Boyd Neel (Decca) and LSO/Weingartner (Col); though both are pre-war, I think either is preferable to the new set, which seems to me pompous and heavy-handed in style. The recording is fuzzy and ill balanced. HAYDN: Horn Concerto D major: HANDEL: Concerto Grosso, B flat major; Double Concerto, C major (Werner Janssen Orch. *CTL 7013). Graceful and spirited music; but Werner Janssen's beat is tediously emphatic and the recording is unendurably thin. The "Concerto Grosso" incidentally, is an oboe concerto, not the same (though in the same key) as that recorded by Leon Goossens.

Miscellaneous Orchestral. ELGAR: "Cockaigne" Overture (Hallé/Barbirolli. DB 9633-4). The good qualities of this set do not to my mind offset some tasteless mannerisms, as well as the abominably heavy surface of side 1. LPO/Van Beinum set (Decca LP and SP) in all respects preferred. STRAUSS: *Feuersnot*—Love Scene (RPO/Beecham. DB 21301). There seems no great point in reviving this blowsy piece, on which Sir Thomas, the RPO and the engineers have lavished all their skill. The result is effective, from an orchestral point of view, but the music itself "dates" badly. SULLIVAN: (arr. MACKERRAS) *Pineapple Poll*—Ballet (Sadler's Wells Orch/Mackerras. DX 1765-6) How pleasant it is—and how rare—to hear Sullivan's music really well played! This potpourri from the operas was admirably chosen and arranged, and it deserves all the success it has had at the Wells. These discs are the first of six—a complete recording of the ballet to be issued gradually. The performance is clear and sparkling; the recording most agreeable, though not quite of double-star quality.

Chamber Music and Piano Solo. BEETHOVEN: Quartet, A major, Op. 18 No. 5 (Paganini Qt. DB 9648-50). One is glad to see this quartet return to the catalogue, but the performance, though adequate, is not very affectionate, and the recording is on the shrill side. C. P. E. BACH: Sonata, A minor (Collegium Pro Arte. DB 21304).

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BRANCH OF THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO COMPANY (OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND), LIMITED C.114

A dull, uncharacteristic work, disagreeably recorded. The instruments involved are harpsichord, flute and violoncello: the oboe mentioned on the label plays no part in the score. PAGANINI: Caprices, Op. 1 (Ricci. *LXT 2588). In this further set of Caprices the faults of intonation noticeable in the first are absent, and the technical virtuosity is no less astounding. Personally, I find these numbers musically more interesting than those contained in the first disc. BRAHMS: Sonata, F minor, Op. 5 (Fischer. DB 21213-5). A much more authoritative performance than Julius Katchen's (Decca) and superbly recorded. In the Finale Edwin Fischer unhappily adopts a tempo that does not permit him to execute the skirmishing final pages with anything like perfect accuracy; but the set must be recommended for its musicianly qualities. BALAKIREV: Sonata, B flat minor (Kentner. LX 1407-9). This is a most original work, full of imaginative pianism and subtle, poetic harmony. Louis Kentner plays the sonata in excellent style and the recording is agreeably round in tone. CHOPIN: Polonaise, C minor, Op. 40, No. 2 (Stefanska. C 4100). This performance is slow and cautious to the point of boredom. At optimum volume the disc has a heavy surface and the tone is faithless (I suspect a bad tape). Rubinstein, adopting quite a rational speed (on DB 2495), gets the piece easily on to one side and the recording, though far from new, is more agreeable than this.

Vocal. PALESTRINA: Missa Papae Marcelli (Roger Wagner Chorale. *CTL 7010). Apart from an occasional faulty intonation and a style that is never quite smooth enough to convey the quiet, meditative beauty of this famous Mass, the issue is a distinct success. The chording is outstandingly good. Only the first of the alternative Agnus Dei is sung (with repeat for "Da nobis pacem"). The recording, if rather gritty in forte passages, is mostly clear and well balanced. BEETHOVEN: *Fidelio*—"Ach, wär ich schon"; BIZET: *Carmen*—Micaela's Air, Act 3 (Schwarzkopf. LX 1410). This is a vexatious coupling, for while Marcellina's aria suits Miss Schwarzkopf perfectly—it is beautifully sung and recorded—there is something not quite right about her Micaela. She is too wholly pathetic, in the Viennese style, whereas the character contains a certain obstinacy, hinted at in the words of this song. In any case it is a mistake to sing the air without the preceding recitative, which is an integral part of it. Suzanne Danco's complete recording is easily the best modern version. CATALANI: *La Wally*—"Ebben! ne andro lontana"; GIORDANO: *Andrea Chenier*—"La mamma morta" (Tebaldi. X 365) Mme Tebaldi's rendering of "Ebben!" is superior to the hysterical recordings of this moving aria by Guerrini and Fineschi, but I do not think it displays her art at its most appealing. "La mamma morta" is a total loss—sung with complete absence of finesse, it is also hopelessly ill recorded. Muzio's version of this aria remains by far the best. PUCCINI: *Turandot*—"In questa reggia" (Hammond. DA 1988). One of Miss Hammond's most impressive efforts. She shows herself equal to all but the final phrases of this extremely taxing scena, and the recording is excellent. MOZART: *Unglückliche Liebe*, K 520; *Das Traumbild*, K 530 (Seefried. LB 114) Mme Seefried brings all her art to the tender pathos of the first song, and *Das Traumbild* would be equally pleasing if some of her high notes had not caught the microphone. But the fault is not grave and the disc is otherwise well enough recorded. GRIEG: *Våren* (Springtide) (Flagstad. DA 1904). I should say this was the best of Mme Flagstad's recent Grieg recordings: the orchestral accompaniment seems more suitable to this song than to some of the others. SHAKESPEARE: Sixteen Sonnets (Anthony Quayle. DX 1773-4). With one exception these very exacting sonnets are admirably spoken—musically, unemphatically, and with full appreciation of the complex meaning. The exception is "Th'expense of spirit in a waste of shame," which Mr. Quayle delivers as if it were a monologue from a tragedy—an unsuitable impression to convey. In every other respect this is a treasurable issue.

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Week-end Competitions

No. 1,124

Set by J. B. Roderic

Returning holidaymakers from the Continent are invited to compose an eight-line poem in praise of British Food. Entries by September 18th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,121

Set by Gerald Giradot

The present Duke of Wellington has recently established the fact that his illustrious ancestor never made that remark about Waterloo being won on the playing fields of Eton. Competitors are invited to submit a comment upon this in a four-line verse epigram.

Report by Gerald Giradot

The epigrams fell fairly clearly into categories: those which denounced the present Duke as a Stracheyist: those (the least successful) who handed the torch on to Harrow: those who feared an opening was given to either *Izvestia* or West Point: those who felt robbed of one of their few scraps of historical knowledge. It became a matter of choosing the best out of these respective schools from a large following for each. After reading through so many variations on the same themes perhaps one tends to over-value those who strike a different note, but Roy Harris seemed to me a clear winner, and I award him two guineas. Sylvanus Silverton, too, seemed to me to stand out. To him one guinea. The six marked with an asterisk half a guinea consolation.

**Oh shame! to think that Scientific Fact
Those rain-soaked young Etonians now rebukes,
Who manfully each winter caught the 'flu—
For one mere misquotation of the Duke's.
ROY HARRIS

**A jest, *perhaps*, once spoken low,
Misquoted by some *Tom-Nob mug*,
Until a Duke's—by *gum!—bon mot*,
Became Sir Nabob's army plug!
SYLVANUS SILVERTON

*The *mot* that once through Eton's halls,
A steady flow of new bugs kept,
Disclaimed, the prospect now appalls:
A budget for a Pub. Rel. Dept.
R. WULIGER

*When danger looms must England close her ranks;
Let Eton join with Jarrow, Rhondda, Slough.
United all, the claim to disallow,
That Waterloo was won on Volga's banks.
SIMON SHIRLEY

The Duke denies his kin and kith
Originated such a myth,
Although he must admit that he
Owes much to the mythology.
LAKOU

*Beware of those who give historians credit
In doubting truth where legend has rung true.
He who believes the old Duke never said it
Would anything believe. He said that, too.
GRAEME WILSON

History is robbed of glamour by this sort
Of Stracheyan debunking it of sport;
Shall we be next instructed to forgo,
O shades of Drake—! your bowls at Plymouth Hoe?
"PIBWOB"

The transatlantic comics—Kaye, Hope, Braden—
Rich in new gags, their best lines "throw away."
The Duke, with his ancestor's wisecracks laden,
Throws *them* away—but finds no more to say.
ELAINE MORGAN

Pause! Would your Grace his Grace deny
His legend's one bright shred
Of epigram? We, too, shall die
Our best remarks unsaid.
MAURICE HARVEY

*Churchill or Wolfe or Wavell could have thought it,
Phrased it, and uttered it, and meant it, too;
But not the Iron Duke, who knew he'd fought it
("Why, damn me, there's the map!") at Waterloo.
L. E. J.

*Of Dukes of Wellington fame mentions two,
And gives to each his modicum of praise.
One broke Napoleon at Waterloo:
The other robbed his grandsire of a phrase.
GOODWILL

Great Wellington! It seems we have been fools
In thinking thee the friend of public schools—
But Mars still drinks, in blessing British guns,
Toe oft, alas! the blood of Eton's sons.
J. P. STEVENSON

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And so that crack on Waterloo
Was not the Duke's. Then, pray, who said it?
Ring out the old, ring in the new!
Henceforth Anon will get the credit.
TOXEUTES

'Our idols topple one by one;
Already Eton's hour is fleeting;
To-morrow's battles will be won
In classrooms of West Point—by cheating.
PETER HADLEY

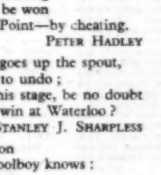
Another cherished myth goes up the spout,
Another bit of history to undo;
I suppose there can, at this stage, be no doubt
Your Grace did really win at Waterloo?
STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

Attribute not to Wellington
What any Moscow schoolboy knows:
That Waterloo was won upon
The playing fields of "Dynamos."
FRANK PAVRY

CHESS: King Abdullah was Wrong

No. 101

When some time ago the King of Jordan met his untimely end the papers widely reported his prowess at Chess and his efforts to enrich the game by the introduction of a larger board and a new chessman to be called "Tank." I dislike such newfangled things and, so far as the rules of Chess are concerned, I mean to remain an unconvertible dichard Conservative. As for those correspondents who have invited my comments on the late King's and other suggestions to increase the scope and so alter the rules of the game I hope to convince them that if we all lived to be a hundred and if we spent thrice as much time on Chess as we do we still would get nowhere near mastering the game as it is. Take this position, a study by Grigoriev. No "tank," none of the more familiar pieces either, just a few pawns—and yet, to demonstrate how White can win would be too backbreaking a task to be inflicted even on the hardened veterans among our competitors. Since a complete analysis would require at least three times the space of this article let us have a superficial glance at the mere rudiments of the main variation's principal two offshoots.



(1) P-R4!	K-Q2	(5) K-B5	K-B2
(2) P-R5!	K-Q3	(6) K-K6	K-B3
(3) K-B7	K-Q2	(7) K-K7	K-B2
(4) K-B6	K-Q3	(8) K-K8	

So far so good. Obviously (1) K-K7, K-B7 would lead to a draw; less obviously (1) K-K8, K-B2. (2) K-K7, P-Kt4! would (in one of the main resulting lines) give Black a subsequent chance of stalemating himself; at least half a dozen other initial lines we cannot even look at, so let us merely see what happens after the 8th move in the main variations, such as

(8)	K-B1	(14) K-Kt8	P-R5
(9) P x P	K-Kt2	(15) P x P	K-R4
(10) K-Q7	K x P	(16) K-Kt7	K x P
(11) K-B8	K-B3	(17) K-B6	K-Kt5
(12) K-Kt8	K-Kt3	(18) K-Q5 and wins	
(13) K-R8	P-R4	easily	

No space for a good many "branch lines"; but what if Black plays

(8)	K-B3	(17) P-B5	K-B2
(9) K-Q8	P x P	(18) P-B6	K-Q1
(10) K-K7!	K-B2	(19) K-B4!	K-B1
(11) K-K6	K-B3	(20) K-Q4!	K-Q1
(12) K-K5	K-B2	(21) K-Q5	K-B1
(13) K-Q5	K-Kt3	(22) K-Q6	K-Q1
(14) K-Q6	K-Kt2	(23) P-B7 ch	K-B1
(15) K x P	K-B2	(24) K-B6 etc.	
(16) K-Q5	K-Q2		

Obviously (19) K-Q6 would merely lead to a draw, but I have no space for many other lines not nearly as obvious. Enough said, I hope, to convince my correspondents that any future need for increasing the chess-board may well wait another few hundred years.

A: Grigoriev, 1932.

B: Herbstmann, 1926.

Those still in doubt should try to solve the even simpler looking study—**A**: White to win—set by the same author on a perfectly normal board most sparsely populated. I feel far from generous in rating it 8 ladder-points, and I expect that after this competitors will consider it light relaxation to grapple with **B**—White to draw. But this too seems hardly under-rated with 6 points.

Usual prizes. Entries by September 17.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set August 18

A: (1) Q-QR3, Q-Q1, (2) Q-B8 ch, etc.

B: (1) B-B7, R-K5 !, (2) B-Kt6, R-R5 ch, (3) B-R7, R-KKt5, (4) P queens, R x Q ch, (5) K x R and wins.

B x R would not be good enough, as the B will later be required at Q3 to avoid the P being exchanged.

C: (1) P-R5, K-B2 (essential to guard against Kt x P, followed by P-R6), (2) K-B6, Kt-R4 ch, (3) K-K7, P-Q5, (4) P-Kt6 ch, K-Kt1, (5) Kt x P ch, P x Kt, (6) P-R6 P-Q6 (7) P-R7 ch, K-Kt2,, (8) K-Q8, P-Q7, (9) P queens, followed by K-B7.

If (3) . . . Kt-Kt2, (4) P-Kt6 ch, followed by Kt x P ch, etc.

If (3) . . . P x P, (4) Kt x P ch, K-B3 (best), (5) Kt-Q4 ch, K-B4, (6) Kt-K6 ch, K-Kt4, (7) Kt-B4, Kt-Kt2, (8) K-B6, etc. (If (7) . . . P-Q5, (8) Kt x Kt and the Kt returns in time to capture the P.)

In *A* I accepted somewhat less drastic solutions such as R x P, etc. *C* seems to have proved extremely difficult. But most of the position's subtleties were seen by C. Allen, R. C. Chaturvedi, D. E. Cohen, H. F. Moxon. They share the prizes. Will J. Pike, M. E. Wise, R. C. Woodthorpe please give their addresses.

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UNIVERSITY of Otago, Dunedin, New Zealand. Lectureship or Senior Lectureship in Modern Languages.—An appointment will shortly be made in one or other of these positions (Lectureship at £800×50–£900; Senior Lectureship at £1,000×50–£1,200). Qualifications in French are the essential requirement. Further information may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1, by whom applications will be received up to October 15, 1951.

B.B.C. requires News Assistant at Glasgow to report main news events by microphone and sub-edit news bulletins. Requirements: detailed knowledge of Scotland, Scottish affairs and administration and their relationship to U.K. and international affairs, reporting and sub-editing experience in daily journalism, good microphone voice, facility for writing clearly and concisely, working knowledge of sport. A real appreciation of radio as a news medium would be an advantage. Salary £745 (possibly higher if qualifications and experience exceptional) with 5 annual increments to maximum £965. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within a week, marked "Scottish News N. Stm." For acknowledgement please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

B.B.C. invites applications for full-time post of Conductor of B.B.C. Northern Orchestra (permanent strength 51 players). Candidates should be experienced in normal orchestral and symphonic repertoire, including concertos and choral works. Some knowledge and experience of contemporary music is essential. The Conductor works under the general supervision of the Head of North Regional Music. The appointment is for a period of five years; salary subject to negotiation. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Northern Orchestra N. Stm.," within a week. For acknowledgement please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

B.B.C. requires Programme Assistant for the Hungarian Section. Requirements include thorough knowledge of Hungarian and ability to speak it faultlessly, sound knowledge of English, ability to translate perfectly from English into Hungarian, journalistic aptitude, capacity for representing British way of life to a Hungarian audience, good microphone voice. Recent experience of conditions in Hungary would be an advantage. Appointment would normally be for period not exceeding three years with prospects of promotion. Salary according to qualifications. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Hungarian N.Stm." within 7 days. For acknowledgement please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SENIOR Scientific Officers; Scientific Officers. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent appointments to be filled by competitive interview during 1951. Interviews began in January and will continue throughout the year, but a closing date for the receipt of applications earlier than December, 1951, may eventually be announced. Successful candidates may be appointed immediately. The posts are in various Government Departments and cover a wide range of Scientific research and development in most of the major fields of fundamental and applied science. Candidates must have obtained a University degree with first or second class honours in a scientific subject (including engineering) or in Mathematics, or an equivalent qualification, or possess high professional attainments. Candidates for Senior Scientific Officer posts must in addition have had at least three years' post-graduate or other approved experience. Candidates for Scientific Officer posts taking their degrees in 1951 may be admitted to compete before the result of their degree examination is known. Age limits: For Senior Scientific Officers, at least 26 and under 31 on August 1, 1951; for Scientific Officers, at least 21 and under 28 (or under 31 for established Civil Servants of the Experimental Officer class) on August 1, 1951. London Salary Scales: Senior Scientific Officers (men) £750-£950, (women) £625-£850; Scientific Officers (men) £400-£650, (women) £400-£525. Somewhat lower rates in Provinces. Further particulars from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. 3399.

ASSISTANT Experimental Officers (including biologists) in various Government Departments. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent appointments. Interviews will be held shortly after the receipt of the completed application form and successful candidates may expect early appointments. The posts are in various Government Departments and divided between following main groups and subjects: (a) Mathematical and Physical Sciences, (b) Chemistry and Metallurgy, (c) Engineering Subjects, and (d) Miscellaneous (including e.g., Geology, Library and Technical Information Services). A few vacancies have also arisen for biologists interested in pest infestation control, forensic science, fisheries problems or botany, and there may be one or two posts for biologists with other interests. Candidates must be at least 17½ years and under 26 years of age (or under 31 for established Civil Servants of the Assistant (Scientific) Class) on August 1, 1950; time spent on a regular engagement in H.M. Forces may be deducted from actual age. Candidates must have obtained the Higher School Certificate with mathematics or a science subject as a principal subject or an equivalent qualification; but candidates without these qualifications may be admitted exceptionally on evidence of suitable experience. Higher qualifications will be regarded as an advantage to candidates over the age of 20. The inclusive London salary scale (men) is £250–£535; (women) £250–£445. Salaries for posts in the Provinces are somewhat lower. Superannuation provision is made under the Superannuation Act. Further particulars and forms of application from the Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. 3068. Completed application forms should be returned as soon as possible and must in any case be received by October 1, 1951.

B.B.C. invites applications for post of Assistant, Finance Division, London. Applicants must possess a sound theoretical knowledge of book-keeping and have had extensive practical experience in its application. Experience in control and direction of staff is also necessary. Salary £565 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with 5 annual increments to £725 maximum. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Finance N.Stm." within a week. For acknowledgement please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

COUNTY Borough of West Bromwich. Education Department. Applications are invited for the following appointments in the Child Guidance Centre which is part of the Child Guidance Service at present being established by the Authority. In addition to the Centre, the Service will include a Residential Special School for Maladjusted Children. (1) Educational Psychologist. Candidates should have a degree in Psychology or its equivalent, teaching experience and experience in child guidance work. Sal. in accdnce. with Educational Psychologists' National Scale Grade II. (2) Psychiatric Social Worker. Candidates should have a Diploma in Mental Health and training in P.S.W. work. Salary in accordance with the National Scale (National Negotiating Committee for Hospital and Allied Services). Applications should reach the undersigned as soon as possible and state age, experience, qualifications, present and former positions, and the names of two persons to whom reference may be made. J. H. Turner, Director of Education, Education Offices, Highfields, West Bromwich.

SECRETARY (woman) reqd. by large firm of General Merchants established in Aden. Really good French essential, preferably with French Shorthand. Must be able to take responsibility and be prepared to live in Aden. 2 years' contract initially, followed by 3 months' leave. Board and quarters provided. Excel. prospects. Apply in detail Box 5581.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LONDON County Council. Education Inspectorate. Inspector of Physical Education. Applications are invited from women for appointment as Inspector of Physical Education in the London Education Service at a basic salary of £600×£30–£810×£35–£950 a year, plus an additional 10 per cent on the first £600 and of 7½ per cent on the amount by which salary exceeds £600 a year. In exceptional circumstances an appointment above the minimum may be made. The duties will be to advise upon, organise and inspect physical education in various types of educational establishments; to organise and give courses of lectures for teachers and to perform such other duties as may be required. The staff of physical education inspectors includes two senior inspectors of physical education (one man, one woman), who exercise a general responsibility for physical education. Application forms, obtainable from the Education Officer (EO Estab.2), The County Hall, London, S.E.1 (stamped, addressed foolscap envelope, inadequately stamped), should be returned not later than September 28, 1951. Canvassing disqualifies. (922.)

LONDON County Council. Qualified Instructors required for dramatic literature and drama production in evening institutes. Applicants should possess academic qualifications, knowledge of the contemporary theatre, and experience of production. Rates of pay (subject to revision from September 1), 19s. or 22s. 6d. for two-hour period. Application forms obtainable from and returnable to the Education Officer (T.7), County Hall, S.E.1 (stamped addrsd. envelope necessary). (1066.)

RYALLS Court School, Seaton, Devon. Applications are invited for the residential post of Headmistress at this Home Office Approved School. The Headmistress will be responsible to the Managers for the general management of the School, which provides residential education for 42 girls, aged under 15 years on admission. Applicants should be qualified teachers or possess other qualifications, with residential experience and knowledge of modern trends and subjects, or similar schools. Salary: Burnham scale for qualified teachers plus 3 increments, i.e., £383×15 to £549 plus a Head Teacher allowance at present £100, the remuneration so produced will be further increased by 5 per cent. Full residential emoluments are provided in addition. Forms of application may be obtained from the General Secretary, National Children's Home, Highbury Park, London, N.5.

SALOP County Council. Applications are invited for appointment to the permanent and superannuable position of Psychiatric Social Worker. The salary, in accordance with the recommendations of the Joint Negotiating Committee (Hospital Staffs) will be within the scale £370 per annum, rising by annual increments of £20 to £530 per annum, but this is subject to review consequent upon the further recommendations of the Joint Negotiating Committee. Travelling and subsistence allowances will be paid in accordance with the scale of the County Council. The Psychiatric Social Worker will be on the staff of the County Medical Officer of Health and will be responsible for undertaking Child Guidance work on behalf of the Education Committee and Mental Health work on behalf of the Health Committee. Forms of application and copies of the conditions of service may be obtained from the undersigned, to whom applications should be sent not later than one week after the appearance of this advertisement. Canvassing disqualifies. Applications should be forwarded as soon as possible. William Taylor, County Medical Officer of Health, County Health Office, College Hill, Shrewsbury.

HOSPITAL Management Committee No. 10 Wakefield "B" Group, Stanley Royd Hospital, Wakefield. Appointment of Biochemist.—Applications are invited for the appointment of Biochemist at the Central Pathological Laboratory, Wakefield "B" Group of Hospitals, under the direction of the Pathologist. Applicants should be Chemical Graduates, B.Sc., Ph.D., with post-graduate experience. Salary £550×£30 to £730 per annum. For persons with more than two years' experience in hospital biochemistry, the years of service above that number will be taken into account when fixing the commencing salary. The appointment is subject to the National Health Service (Superannuation) Regulations. Applications, giving full particulars of experience, together with the names and addresses of three persons to whom reference may be made, should be addressed to the undersigned within three weeks of the date of the appearance of this advertisement. G. L. Banner, Secretary, Victoria Chambers, Wood St., Wakefield.

SOCIAL worker required as Assistant Organiser of Children's Care Work in Public Health Department of London County Council. Duties are wholly concerned with social work in connection with School Health Service, including recruitment and training of voluntary social workers. A social science diploma or similar qualification is desirable, but candidates should have experience in practical social work. Salary: £375×£25 to £500 with an addition of £10. Senior posts are normally filled by promotion. Applications should be made on forms obtainable from Medical Officer of Health (PH.D.1), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, & should be returned by September 22, 1951.

REQUIRED: Capable Secretary, Shtd.-typist. Bilingual English German. Part-time (afternoons), City office. Also possible full-time vacancy. Box 5772.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

KENT County Council. Children's Department. Appointment of Deputy Superintendent and Assistant Matron. Applications invited for joint appointment of Deputy Superintendent and Assistant Matron at Hartietsham Remand Home for 32 Senior Boys. Salaries:—Deputy Superintendent: For a qualified officer, Burnham Scale salary; otherwise within scale £300 a year rising by annual increments of £15 to a maximum of £525 a year plus special responsibility allowance of £50 a year; Assistant Matron: £230 a year rising by annual increments of £10 to a maximum of £280 a year. Joint deduction of £148 a year will be made in respect of emoluments. The posts are superannuable under either the Teachers or Local Government Superannuation Acts. Forms of application on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope from the Children's Officer, County Hall, Maidstone, to be returned by September 24, 1951. W. L. Platts, Clerk of the County Council, County Hall, Maidstone.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE Education Committee. County Drama Adviser. Applications are invited both from men and women for the post of full-time Drama Adviser for Northamptonshire: scale £700 rising annually by £25 — £850 per annum for men, or £630 rising annually by £20 — £750 per annum for women, together with allowances for travelling and subsistence expenses in accordance with the County Council's Scale. In fixing the initial salary allowance may be made for previous experience. Further particulars and forms of application may be obtained from the undersigned, to whom applications, accompanied by copies of not more than two recent testimonials, should be returned by Saturday, September 15, 1951. G. E. Churchill, Chief Education Officer, County Education Offices, Northampton.

PEWSEY Hospital, Pewsey, Wilts. Applications are invited for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker at Pewsey Hospital and its associated hospitals. Applicants must possess the qualifications approved by the Association of Psychiatric Social Workers. These hospitals provide accommodation for both sexes and all grades of mental defectives. Treatment is progressive and directed towards rehabilitation in the community. There are Departments of Play Therapy, Physical Medicine, etc., and full equipment for all types of psychiatric and physiological investigation are available. General psychiatric out-patient clinics are undertaken. There are extensive opportunities for original work. Pay and conditions of service are as laid down by the Professional and Technical Council "A" of the Whitley Councils for the Health Service. A cottage is available at a reasonable rent, on the outskirts of the Pewsey Hospital grounds. The main Western Region Railway Station, with a good service to and from London, is within a few minutes walk. The possession of a motor car would be of great advantage, but is not essential. Applications, together with the names of two referees, should be sent to the Physician Superintendent at the above address, as soon as possible. Prospective applicants are invited to visit the Hospital, by arrangement.

HOLLERITH operator required for research department. Previous experience and training in all operations essential. Commencing salary £280–£360 a year according to age and experience. Five-day week. Good holidays with pay. Pension scheme. Canteen. Apply in writing to the Maintenance Officer, London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, Aldwych, London, W.C.2.

WANTED: (1) Trained Nurse, to act as Assistant Matron for Margate Holiday Home. Apply Jewish Blind Society, 1 Craven Hill, W.2. (2) Cook for Dorking Home with 60 residents. Second cook and adequate kitchen staff kept. Alternatively, couple, where wife would act as cook. Very good hrs. & train service to London. Apply Matron, The Jewish Home for the Blind, "Rokefield," Westcott, Nr. Dorking, Surrey. Tel. No. WESTcott 13.

LECTURER required, man or woman, preferably with a degree, for speaking in schools on the humane treatment of animals. Salary according to the Burnham Scale. Candidates must be under 35 years of age and be prepared to travel about the country. Residence in or near London desirable. Apply by letter only to R.S.P.C.A., 105 Jermyn St., London, S.W.1. Top left-hand corner of envelope to be clearly marked "Lecturer."

CASEWORKER required for work with "Problem" families. Residential position. Apply Stepney Pacifist Service Unit, 71 Vallance Rd., E.1.

YOUNG Women's Christian Association Area Secretary required October for Croydon Y.W.C.A. Responsibilities include organising the Central Club, co-ordinating work of other clubs in area and maintaining community contacts. Experience in social work and sympathy with Christian purpose of the Association needed. Apply by letter, Training & Personnel Secretary, Y.W.C.A. National Offices, 108 Baker St., W.1.

OPPORTUNITY for older woman to act as housekeeper in family where husband is a scientist and wife a chartered accountant. Must be fond of children (2) and able to take full charge. Near Alloa, Scotland. Good daily help. Box 5573.

UNIVERSITY lecturer, widower with daughter of nine, requires housekeeper small town nr. Birmingham. Box 5889.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE Y.M.C.A. is a world-wide Movement. It may offer you the opportunity you seek for a life of service. Applications invited from men between 21 and 30 to train as Secretaries. First essentials: A sense of Christian vocation; a good education; leadership ability in religious, social, educational and physical activities with youth; good health. Write, giving full particulars of experience and qualifications, to S/9, Personnel Secretary, National Council of Y.M.C.As, 112 Great Russell St., London, W.C.1.

EXPERIENCED Secretaries and Shorthand Typists wanted for temporary or permanent posts, City or West End. Permanent posts up to £7. Temporary (for our emergency staff) £6 10s., 10-5, no Sats. Dutton's Secretarial Service (Agy.), 92 Great Russell St., W.C.1. Ring Miss Topham, MUS. 7379.

SECRETARY/Shorthand typist required for Personnel Dept. in cigarette factory. Duties mainly as private secretary to Personnel Manager. Good salary and pension scheme, 5-day week, canteen facilities. Apply, stating age, experience and salary required, to Employment Officer, Godfrey Phillips, Ltd., 112 Commercial St., E.1.

PERSONAL Secretary to Senior Officer of Professional Organisation. Should be competent shorthand typist capable of undertaking responsibilities of personal assistant. Starting salary £350. Applications, giving age and particulars of education and experience, to be received within seven days of the appearance of this advertisement. Box 5767.

RESID. Housekeeper req. to run house and look after 21-yr.-old boy while parents at business. N. Acton area. Box 5747.

WANTED in small educational community for handicapped children, Residential Cook as assistant to Cook-Caterer. Practical ability and experience with numbers up to 70 essential. Salary according to experience. Pleasant working conditions in country house within easy reach London. Apply Sec., Moor House School, Hurst Green, Oxted, Surrey.

A HOUSEKEEPER of mature age is reqd. for a men's small private agricultural college in Worcestershire. Opportunities to join in cultural activities based on the College and possibilities of interesting position. Apply for full particulars to Principal, Avoncroft College, Stoke Prior, Bromsgrove, Worcs.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

WRITER, 32, First Class Oxford B.A. (Eng. Lit.) exp. teaching, lecturing, broadcasting, lit. journalism, etc., exceptionally wide range interests, incl. some knowledge Science, seeks whole or part-time employment, pref. London. Write Box 5719.

LINGUIST (20 languages; 49, single; Austrian, now British) wd. consider change of position. Not commerce. Italy pref. Write Dr. Walde, 25 Grange Rd., Cambridge.

LADY, well educ., profess. & exptl. admin. knowl., Engl./Germ. shorth./typ., transl., reqs. part-time post. Box 5746.

LADY Chemist, B.Sc. standard with some biology, recently qualified, seeks position, teaching or research. Box 5635.

SECRETARY (young) of integrity, imaginative, loyal, wishes interesting work privately, e.g. author. Box 5621.

PROFESSIONAL man, 52, seeking change, experience gardening, seeks country work. Good quarters essential. Box 5607.

LADY (forties) seeks part- or full-time occupation London. Responsible, competent, willing. Good on telephone. Box 5603.

MARRIED woman, pt-time. Revision MSS, synopses. B.M., P.R.O. fact-finding. Exp. authorship, irnlsm. Gd. Fr. Box 5560.

GERMAN-English S./T. Educated woman, requires part-time post, temporary or permanent. Box 5443.

CAN anyone offer employment to an attractive, intelligent & capable young lady, travelled, with varied exp. (clerk/hostess/model): interested in people. Box 5739.

EFFICIENT lady, versatile, administrative experience, languages, seeks responsible position. Box 5647.

MAN, aged 41, expd. writer and research worker (used to statistical methods), occasional broadcaster, free shortly to accept new appointment. Widely travelled, speaks 3 European languages. Expd. administrator (local government). No ties, immense energy, strong personality. Present sal. £1,400 but would accept less for interesting work. Box 4612.

FIRST-class Sec. s/t., executive experience, free-lance. MOU. 1701.

GRADUATE in History & Economics seeks responsible post, journalism, personnel management or social work, where personal initiative free to function. Interesting work more important than salary. All enquiries answered. Box 5628.

HIGHLY qualified lady, good knowledge of languages, willing to help with research investigations, also secretary, librarian, lady-companion, nursing, help in household. Good refs. Box 5749.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

A CHARMING Bijou Guest House, h. and c.; garden; rooms, incl. breakfast and dinner, from 3gns. Few mins. Marble Arch, tube, buses, 80 Maida Vale, W.9. MAI 1930.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

KENWYN Hotel, Earls Court, 29 West Cromwell Rd., London, S.W.5, offers comfortable board residence with special terms for permanent guests, also bed and breakfast. Terms reasonable. 'Phone FRObisher 1000.

DOUBLE and single divan bed-sitting rooms (constant H. & C. in each room). Bed & breakfast 3gns. or 4gns. including dinner. 12 Sussex Place, W.2. PAD. 0837.

"THE Homefinder." England's leading property magazine can help you find a house, over 1,000 advertised in each issue. 9d. monthly from newsagents. By post 1s. or 5s. 9d. for six months. Homefinders Ltd. (N.S.), 42 Wool Exchange, London, E.C.2.

ASHLEY Court, 7 Leinster Square, W.2. 'Phone BAY. 4253. Lux. serv. rooms, bed, breakf., dinner optional. Moderate.

SPACIOUS comfortable room, central near park, offered to professional or university woman, share good kitchen, bath, telephone. Box 5657.

LONDON. Professional people seeking a really well-furn. service room with breakfast & dinner, close to West End, are invited to call at Park House, 143 Holland Park Ave., W.11. PARk 6280.

ACCOM. offered in refined comf. Jewish house (orth.) N. Lond. Ex. cuisine. Suit girl student or business lady—reduced terms two sharing. Gas fire. Box 5677.

REFINED Guest House. Bed-breakfast 10s. 6d. night. 181 Golders Green Rd., N.W.11. SPEedwell 5635.

LONDON. Bed, b/kfast. 10s. 6d. nightly. Comf. quiet hse. 2 min. Tube, 20 min. City & West End. Mrs. F. Boor, Cleff House Hotel, 43 The Grove, N.3. FIN. 5662.

FURNISHED flatlet—bed-sitting-room and kit. overlooking garden, near Swiss Cottage. Elec. light and hot water. £3 5s. incl. Own telephone. Box 5694.

CLAPHAM Common: to let—charming furn. room, h. & c., gas griller, radiators, etc. 32s. 6d. p.w. incl., to educated business lady only. Refs. required. Write Thomas, 1 Penn Drive, Denham, Bucks.

TO Let till April : well-furn. flat, 2 bdrms., 1 recep., kitch., hall, bathrm.; piano, etc. Fitzjohn's Avenue, N.W.3. HAM. 6440.

LONDON—new tip-top Guest House service. D. & B. from 2½gns. Full details from: Hostess, The Guest House, 6 Macdonald Rd., N.11.

BRIGHT room & breakfast for student. All amenities. N.W. district. £2 10s. p.w. Box 5627.

BACHELOR flat Highgate Woods. Well-equip. & furn. Const. h.w. Use frig. 45s. Tudor 6384 after 6.

TWO comf. divan-rooms to let. Gas rings, meters. All conv. Quiet road near Clapham Common. Ring BAT. 3565.

TOP-Floor country house Epping Forest district, near Central Line, in return some cooking and cleaning. Self-cont., three rms., kit. and bathrm. Constant hot water. Central heating. Child welcome. Box 5840.

VACANCIES for women students or research workers willing share large double rooms in hostel 35 mins. from King's College and L.S.E. 1, 2 or 3 terms; full board during term 6gns. p.w. Apply Sec., Hillcroft College, Surbiton. ELMbridge 2693.

WELL-furn. 3 bedroomed flat avail. careful tenants Nov. to March. Mains elec./water. Sheltered position. Lovely Pembrokeshire coast, nr. Tenby. Garage. Bus serv., thry trains London. 4gns. wkly. Box 5737.

EDGWARE, 2 mins. Station, well-furnished house to let 6 months from Nov. 1, 2 double bed-rms., 2 rec., kitchen, bath, etc., garden. Constant h.w., cent. htg. Reasonable, right tenant. Box 5741.

SHARE of diminutive Tudor cottage Surrey. Tasteful surrndgs.—tranquillity—bath —phone. Own bed-sitting-room. University person preferred. Box 5738.

DOUBLE bedroom (single beds), sitting-room, breakfasts, near Esher stn. 4gns. C.H.W., cooking facilities. Refs. Box 5343.

FOR two. Pleasant furn. flat, own bath and kitchen, c.h.w., in painter's lovely house, Surrey. Green Line stops outside. 5gns. p.w. Box 5709.

32s. 6d. single room, no meals, Kew Bridge. 81 Stilehall Gdns. CHI. 4166.

FURN. modernised Cott. 5 winter mths. facing Black Mountains, Wales; suit couple writers, crafts or for rest. Box 5731.

LETCHWORTH, Herts. Comf. accom. vacant for 2 vegetarian P.G.'s. Box 5571.

WILL pleasant London household offer elderly lady, cultured not invalid, place in family from end October? she could pay maximum £4 p.w. inclusive. C.H., 10 Adolphus Rd., N.4.

QUIET bed-sit. wanted by woman student in London. Breakfast & light supper. Box 5659.

LECTURER and wife require unfurn./furn. s.c. flat or part house, easily accessible Univ. College, London. Box 5236.

YNG. Doctor's couple urgently req. small unfurn./furn. flat London, mid-October. Inexpens. studio-flat welcome. Box 5598.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

YOUNG married doctor wants unf. flat Lond., £200 p.a. EUS. 7535 aft. 8 p.m.

YOUNG publisher & wife urgently seek unfurnished flat London, top rent £3 p.w. Box 5701.

YNG. couple, architects, urg. req. unf. 2/3 rms. flat Cent. London. Box 5736.

A VFRAGE young couple, and child, require unfurn. s.c. flat West London. Reasonable rent. Box 5533.

MEDICAL student requires accom. in/nr. London during vacations. Box 5570.

YOUNG bachelor seeks flat or share of same in Earls Court or Chelsea. Moderate rent. Box 5575.

LECTURER and wife leaving simple accommodation African bush seek similar Oxford or London from December. Modest unfurnished or part-furnished flat or house. Please write P.O. Box 303, Blantyre, Nyasaland.

SEPT. 24, rqd. flatlet nr. City, furn./pt. furn. for reliab. busin. lady. Box 5675.

YOUNG lady teacher reqs. bed-sit. room, with, without service, in central London. Away week-ends & school hols. Ashcroft, 19, Homefield Road, Riverhead, Sevenoaks.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

BUNGALOW on old Socialist Colony. Lounge; kitchenette; 2 beds.; bath (h. & c.); cloakroom; inside Elsan; excellent garden. £1,500 (£1,700 furnished). Knebel, "Red Roofs," Whiteway, Nr. Stroud, Glos.

TUDOR-cum-Regency Farm House and separate studio in garden (top light) situated lovely small village Suffolk. 3 rec., 3-4 bedrms., bathrm., spacious kit., all mod. conifs., suit painter/sculptor, ½-acre garden, kit.-garden, orchard. £4,700. Box 5532.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

TREWORNAN Manor Hotel, Nr. Wadebridge, N. Cornwall. 16th Cent. Manor, in 18 acres of lawns and woodlands, adjoining bird sanctuary. Own fishing & shooting. Easy reach golfing & beaches at Rock and Daymer Bay. Own farm prod. Terms from 4½gns. Open all year round. Brochure on request.

SIMPLE accommodation with friendly people. Woods, bathing, grand river and moorland walks, quiet Pennine valley. From 3gns. Roberts, Wheat Ing Farm, Hebden Bridge, Yorks.

HASTINGS 4571. The Continental. 10 Albany Rd., St. Leonards-on-Sea, is open all year round. Congenial atmosphere, optima conditions. Competitive terms and further reductions for groups.

"BIDE-a-While Book." Unique guide to Britain's good hotels, inns, guesthouses. Post free, with Supplement, 3s. 6d. N. S. Hilton, 45 Fleet St., Torquay.

BEAUTIFUL Sussex. Relax in lovely country within reach Eastbourne. Comfort and good food. Spacious grounds. Te Whare Hotel, Horam, Sussex.

PAYING guests welcomed in Cornish country house. Home dairy and poultry farm. E.L. 3 bathrooms. Games-room. Garage. Central for golf and beaches. "St. Giles," Wadebridge. Tel. 212.

ST. BARNABAS, Southwold, Suffolk (Southwold 2264). Holiday and residential terms for professional and gentlewomen of small means. Vacancies from Nov. 1. Apply Lady Superintendent.

HASTINGS. St. Leonards-on-Sea. Kendal Hotel, 78 Marina; on sea front; completely modernised; H. & C. in all bedrooms; every comfort. Winter terms 3½-5gns. Summer terms 5-7gns. 'Phone Hastings 5110.

BOURNEMOUTH—Connaught Court Hotel —33 rooms. One acre grounds. Every comfort and superlative food. Terms 7-8gns. wkly., 6gns. Winter, inclusive. Tel. 1944.

AUTUMN Holidays. Book now for sunny S. Devon and Cornwall. Inclusive terms from £4 4s. week, single. Comfortable, good food, well recommended. Illustrated brochure 18, Bishop, Fairfield Guest House, Dawlish, Devon. Tel. 2151.

LONDON. "West Court," Earls Court, S.W.5. Quiet, comfortable, min. Tube (9 min. run Piccadilly, etc.). FRObisher 6492.

HASTINGS. Oakhurst Hotel, The Ridge. Beautiful grounds (15 acres). Every comfort, H. & C., central heating, excellent cuisine (home produce) and happy atmosphere. Children welc. Early tea, 4 meals, and late tea. 4½-6½gns. Brochure. Tel. Baldslow 0444.

NEW Forest: comf. double bedroom, sitting room. Good food. Midst fields. Lovely walks. Conv. buses. 3½gns. Box 5715.

OLD Flaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead, on the edge of Ashdown Forest. Kathleen Batten provides good food and a friendly atmosphere. You can golf, walk or be lazy. Club lic. Sharpthorne 17.

SMALL modern hotel overlooking sea. White Lodge Hotel, Saltdean, Sussex. Rottingdean 2614.

CORNWALL. Trebarrock Manor & Farm. Jersey Herd. Surf-bathing Polzeath until November. Golf St. Enodoc. Port Isaac 234.

BUDE, Cornwall. Hawarden Hotel. Facing South and by the sea. Bathing direct from hotel. Restricted licence. H. & C. in all rooms. Telephone Bude 147.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

ST. Leonards-on-Sea. Delightful holidays at well-appointed private hotel (35 beds). Vacancies now, £4 14s. 6d. to £7 12s. 6d. weekly, including gratuities, early tea, 4 meals daily, coffee, baths, h. & c. in room, spring interior mattresses, easy chairs for all in two well-furnished lounges. Good catering and service. Night nurs. Reduction winter guests (substantial on twin-bedded rooms), cent. htg. Normanhurst Private Hotel, Eversfield Parade, St. Leonards-on-Sea. Opposite all-weather promenade. Hastings 4784.

RYE. Reopened under new management after extensive improvements. The Hope Anchor Hotel, Watchbell Street. Superb position, high and airy. Rye 2216.

WALLINGFORD-on-Thames. White Cross Hotel. 6 acres lovely grounds. Fishing, sailing, tennis. A.A. appvd. Tel. 3155.

IDEAL for late autumn holidays. "Chantry Mead," Hatfield Heath, nr. Bishop's Stortford (Hatfield Heath 263), offers good food, comfortable bedrooms with h. & c. and gas fires, delightful surroundings, cosy evenings round the fire.

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HEAL'S Mansard Restaurant for morning coffee, lunch and tea. Good food and wines at moderate prices. Fully licensed. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

GREEK Rest. White Tower, 1 Percy St., W.1. Mus. 2187. Open till 10 p.m.

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ARTS (Tem. 3334). Evgs. (ex. Mon.), 7. Sat., Sun., 5 & 8. "Saint's Day." Mems. 5s. yearly.

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BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Studio Group Drama Section presents a Rehearsed Play-Reading, Tuesday, September 11, at 7.30 p.m. New members welcome.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until Sept. 9: Laurence Olivier in "Wuthering Heights" (A). From Sept. 10: "Escape to Happiness" (A) and Chaplin in "Tillie's Punctured Romance" (U).

HAMPSTEAD Town Hall, New Soviet Film, The Distant Bride. Weds., Sept. 19, 8 p.m. Tickets 1s. 6d. with s.a.e. to Percival, 19 Welbeck Mans., Inglewood Rd., N.W.6. Education Committee, B.S.F.S.

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3311. Sept. 9, 7.30. "The Broken Jug" (A) (German).

BRITISH-Polish Friendship Society (LAN. 6593). Film Show, 3 New Polish Films. All welcome. Refreshments. 81 Portland Place, W.1. Friday, Sept. 7, 7.45 p.m.

HENRY Wood Promenade Concerts. Royal Albert Hall. Nightly at 7.30 until Sept. 22 (Suns. excepted). B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, London Philharmonic Orchestra, London Symphony Orchestra. Conductors: Sir Malcolm Sargent, Basil Cameron. Tkts., 3s. 6d. to 7s. 6d. (res.) at Hall & Agents. 3s. (unres.) at Hall only. 2,000 Promenade, 2s., available nightly at doors only.

NANCY Ryder, American pianist. Tues. next at 8. R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., Haymarket, 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d. Director of Concerts: Nicholas Chaveaux.

TO-DAY (Sat.), Nederlands Kamerkoor, 8, Wigmore Hall, at 3. 9s., 6s., 3s., at hall. Management Nicholas Chaveaux.

THE Half Century Social Group invite you to another special dance at The London Studios, 11-12 Great Newport St., W.C.2 (Leicester Sq.), on Thursday, Sept. 13, at 7.30. Dancing to the Lacarno Dance Ensemble. Prizes and novelties. Members 2s. 6d., non-members 3s. 6d.

INTERNATIONAL Friendship League, C.L.B. Dance, Sat., Sept. 8, 7.30-11. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. Tickets 4s.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints, full range on show at 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1 (N.E. corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields), daily 9-6 and on Sat. mornings.

NATIONAL Exhibn. of Children's Art. Paintings, Craft. R.I. Galleries, 195 Piccadilly, W.1. 10-5 Wkdys. 1s. Children 6d.

THE Tate Gallery. Theatrical Pictures from the Garrick Club. Until Sept. 9. Weekdays 10-6. Suns. 2-6. Licensed Restaurant.

500 YEARS of English Literature in the Festival Exhibition of British Books, org. by the National Book League at the Victoria & Albert Museum. 10-6; Sun. 2.30-6.

FESTIVAL Exhibition of Contemporary Furniture and Furnishings in rooms showing schemes for town and country living. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Road, W.1.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 20 Bruton St., W.1. 19th & 20th Century French Paintings. Daily 10-5.30; Sats. 10-1.

R.B.A. Gallery, 6a Suffolk St., S.W.1. Ten Decades. Review of British taste from most academic to most advanced. 10-5 dly.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. New Paintings by Ceri Richards and Denis Mathews. Also contemporary English & French paintings. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

EXHIBITION of Ceramic Figures by Audrey Blackman, on the 4th Floor, Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Road, W.1.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Maurice Utrillo—20 Paintings. Daily 10-5, Sats. 10-12.

BRIGHTON. The Royal Pavilion with Regency furniture. Open daily 10-7 inc. Sundays. Admission 1s. 6d. Children 6d.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Square. Part II of Artists of Fame and Promise. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

BATTERSEA Park, L.C.C. International Open-Air Sculpture Exhib. 10 till dusk dly. Last day Sept. 30. Adm. 1s., children 6d.

SICKERT Exhibition, South Library, Essex Rd., Islington. 10-6. Sats. 10-5. Free.

A. S. Hartrick. A Memorial Exhibition of Paintings, Drawings and Lithographs. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till Sept. 29. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6., Tues., Thurs., 10-8. Free.

ARCHER Gallery, 103 Westbourne Grove. Paintings by Rodney Gladwell. Till Sept. 29, 10 a.m.-5 p.m., except Suns.

FESTIVAL Art Week Exhibition of Paintings, Models, Pottery, Modern & Orthodox, by some London artists on open-air site & interior. No entrance fee, sale permitted. Clock Tower, Chgham Cannon (Underground.), Sept. 8-15, 12 noon-7 p.m.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

ANNUAL Exhibition of Six Young Contemporaries. A Selection from the Art Schools of Great Britain. Gimpel Fils, 50 South Molton St., London, W.1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

THE Philosophical Society of England. Lecture by Dr. C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D. Litt., on "Philosophy & Civilisation," on Wednesday, Sept. 12, at 7.15 p.m. Caxton Hall, S.W.1. General Public admitted.

FABIAN Autumn Lectures: "Is this Socialism?" Rt. Hon. John Strachey, Kingsley Martin, Mary Stocks, Walter Padley, M.P., Alex Comfort, Anthony Crosland, M.P. Tuesdays, October 16, 23, 30; Nov. 6, 13, 20. Livingstone Hall, S.W.1, at 7.15 p.m. Applications and enquiries to Lecture Secretary, Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

KINGSLEY Martin, Editor, "New Statesman," will speak at Peace With China rally in Laurieston Hall, Edinburgh, Saturday, Sept. 15, at 7.30 p.m., and McLellan Galleries, Glasgow, Sunday, Sept. 16, at 7.30 p.m. Collection.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, Wed., Sept. 12, 7.30 p.m., at "The Porcupine," 43 Charing X Rd., W.C.2 (opposite N.T.U. Club). "An Approach to Values," Jack Coates (of the Personalist Group). Adm. 1s. 6d.

KATHLEEN Raine reading her own poems, Sat., Sept. 8 at 3 p.m. John Summerson on Architectural Books Since 1851, Thurs., Sept. 13 at 6.15 p.m. Lecture Hall, Victoria & Albert Museum in connection with Festival Exhibition of Books.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Tues., Sept. 11, 7.45 p.m. "The Film Festival of 1951 at Karlovy Vary." Spkr.: Mr. Ralph Bond, Vice-Chairman Assoc. of Cine Technicians. Chair: The Hon. Anthony Asquith, Film Director. Both speaker and chairman were present at the Festival. All welcome. Adm. free.

"LIFE After Death" will be demonstrated by George Daisley at the Kingsway Hall, W.C.2, on September 8, at 6.30 p.m. B. J. Herrington, O.B.E., will outline the Road to World Peace as suggested from the Spirit World. Res. seats, 5s., 3s. 6d. and 2s. Some free seats. Tkts. fr. Hon. Sec., Universal Brotherhood Federation, 133 Mulgrave Rd., Cheam, Sy., or Keith Prowse branches.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. September 15, at 6 p.m. Dr. B. Kardegg: "Wien, ist es noch die Stadt meiner Traume?"

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. "The Forgotten Pictorial Language of Israel." Lecture by H. E. Kirwe with illustrations by Klaus Meyer. Chair: Mosheh Oved. Sun., Sept. 9, 8 p.m. Visitors 1s.

ALL Nations Social Club. "The Importance of Trade Unions in the Modern World," by Victor Deakin, Secretary of Transport & General Workers' Union. Questions and Discussion. Thursday, Sept. 13, 8 p.m., at Great Cumberland Hall, Bryanston St., Marble Arch, W.1 (behind Cumberland Hotel). Non-members 1s. 6d. at door.

"ASIANS Decide the Cold War," by Andrew Roth, Sept. 10, 7.30, at Asian Institute, 17 Irving St., Leicester Sq. 2s.

"BULGARIA To-day." Speakers: Dean of Canterbury (just returned) & Derek Kartun, Chairman: Commander Edgar Young. Holborn Hall, Wed., Sept. 12, 7.30 p.m.

KNOWLEDGE of Supersensible Facts an urgent necessity to-day. Lecture by H. Poppelbaum, Ph.D. Munich. Caxton Hall, Westminster, S.W.1, Fri., Sept. 7, 7 p.m.

SHAW Society. Speakers: "Sagittarius," Kathleen Lonsdale on Moscow, Compton Mackenzie, &c. Discussions, concerts, buffet; apply 45 Steeplestone Close, London, N.18.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welcome. Sept. 9: True Devotion.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, Swami Ghanananda at Kingsway Hall, every Tuesday, 7.30 p.m. Sept. 11: "Mind in Dream—Types of Dreams—Significance." Mr. Kenneth Walker, F.R.C.S., on "Western Psychology & Vedanta" on 18th. All welc.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. Sept. 9: S. K. Ratcliffe, "Can we have Peace?" Questions after lecture. Adm. free. Overseas visitors cordially welc.

BUDDHIST Society, 106, Gt. Russell St. Public Lecture, Wed., Sept. 12, 6.30: "The Path to Peace." Mr. J. Austin.

HAMPSTEAD Town Hall, Fri., Sept. 14, at 8 p.m. Ralph Bunche will speak on You and the Film. Admission 6d.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

BECOME Your Own Economist. Autumn Term of classes in Basic Economics and Social Philosophy begins on Tuesday and Thursday, Sept. 25 and 27, at 7 p.m., at Westminster. The Course lasts ten weeks (attend once weekly on either day). No fees. Write for full particulars to: Henry George School of Social Science, 4, Gt. Smith St., S.W.1, or telephone Abbey 6665.

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LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

SCIENCE & Religion. Braziers Park School of Integrative Social Research, Ipsden, Oxon. Joint Conference with Personalist Group, Oct. 5-7. The religious, psychological and scientific aspects, and synthesis. Spkrs.: Jack Coates, Dr. J. Norman Glaister, Rev. Dr. James Parkes, Guillotyne Williams.

A WEEK-END Training Course on Rudolf Steiner Education for teachers and others begins Fri., Sept. 28. For details & syllabus apply Training Course Sec., Waldorf School (Hampstead), 104 Fitzjohn's Av., N.W.3.

ECONOMICS. Twelve-lecture course planned to explain basic principles of economic science. Evgs. 7 to 9. Begins September 17. Fee 1 guinea. Enrol now or ask for further information. School of Economic Science, 11 Suffolk St., S.W.1. TRA. 6415.

"LEISURE-TIME" Courses in: Marriage and the Home, The Bible in a Scientific Age, Background to Philosophy, Literature, Art of Writing, Foreign Background, Story of London, Travel, Art, Music, Drama, Languages, Crafts, Cookery (Men & Women), Folk and Old Time Dancing. Canteen, Common Room and Library, at Mary Ward Settlement, 5-7 Tavistock Place, W.C.1 (EUS. 1816). Term starts Mon., Sept. 24. Enrolment Mon., Sept. 17. Syllabus from Warden.

SPANISH. Hispanic Council term begins Sept. 24. Portuguese Language Committee term begins Oct. 3. Evening classes for students at all stages. Details: Educational Director, 4 Upper Berkeley St., W.1.

LIBERAL Jewish Synagogue. Religion School, 28 St. John's Wood Rd., N.W.8. New Term begins Sunday, September 16, at 10 a.m., when the Principal will be pleased to enrol new pupils. Classes are held regularly on Sunday mornings in all Jewish subjects, including Jewish History, Ceremonies and Hebrew, and are open to all children from 6 to 16, whether or not their parents are members of the Synagogue. For particulars and correspondence courses of religious instruction for children who cannot attend at the Synagogue apply to the School Secretary.

ARTHUR Segal's Painting School for Professionals and non-Professionals re-opens Autumn Term September 18. Morning, Evening & Week-end Classes for beginners and advanced students. Segal method proves that everyone can learn to paint. The school can be joined any time. Applications should be made as soon as possible to Secretary, 1 Englands Lane, N.W.3. PRI. 2686. Limited number of students.

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